At the May Fair with

Harry ROY

BRITISH MADE

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"TIGER RAGAMUFFIN"

Here's Harry Roy in action with his boys at the Mayfair Hotel, London, from where they broadcast every week.

IT'S Friday night at the May Fair Hotel. The hand of the clock ticks over to 10.30 . . . and "Bugle Call Rag" once more bounces over the ether. . . .

It's Harry Roy and his band signing on.

With the last flourish of "Bugle Call Rag," every eye turns to the band-stand. There is laughter, cheering, applause. His Hi-de-Highness is going into action. . . . .

Harry dances up to the mike, eyes rolling, a saucy smile on his lips. "This is your little hocha-m'chocha back again. We will now play 'My Kid's a Crooner,' and after that I'll play a clarionet solo for a change. . . . The husky gurgle dies in his throat and he swings round to face the boys. They're off!

Harry is no respecter of the microphone. He treats it like an intimate friend—the sort you dig in the ribs and crack gags on.

The band-boys feel the same way about it—and so, from a distance, do the patrons. No hushed whispers. They laugh and cheer just as you inevitably would if you were there.

Many of them travel hundreds of miles, from the Midlands, every Friday . . . just to be at the radio party.

One young girl wrote from Dundee to tell Harry that she'd saved up for six months to make the trip and watch him jolly-up the mike. She said she'd "remember that night till the end of her life," and "could she have a photograph?" She could, and did. *Harry has to spend on photographs and postage every year a sum equal to the annual salary of a Member of Parliament!*

When Harry's putting over a solo, or he and Bill Currie and Ivor Moreton are making a threesome of it, many of the patrons forget to dance and cluster round the stand. They never quite know what's going to happen—and neither do the boys themselves! Maybe Bill Currie pops a dress-stud and gets a dig in the ribs to "larn him to dress respectable." Or Harry drops an "h" in one place and puts it on somewhere else, just to hear what it sounds like! Or Ivor Moreton comes "all over Mabel Constanduros" and informs Harry that he "isn't half a one!" Sometimes laughter chokes their voices, but it doesn't matter. Even when you can't hear the words, the laughter is infectious. Harry's laugh particularly. It's something like a very fat man gargling with olive oil!

What do they care if the mike is on? *You're* at the party, too, aren't you? Then let it rip. . . .

If there's a spot of repartee between Harry and the boys, he doesn't mind the world hearing it. The other night, for instance, we heard:—

"That was Harry playing a saxophone—I mean a *clarionet* solo. With myself holding the music—*saxophone* music!"

"Ah, my boy," retorted Harry, in a very "County" voice—"you ought to know the difference between a sax and a clarionet by now!"

Once somebody pushed the microphone over—but it didn't damage the broadcast . . . and Harry played the perfect gentleman and didn't even say ——! On one or two occasions a happy reveller has tried to "gate crash" the mike to put over a word of greeting. At such times Ivor Moreton, who occupies a strategic position, just puts out his hand like a policeman on point duty, and gently pushes them back.

Here are details of the happy gang that bring you mirth and melody when Hurricane Harry hits the air:—

Dave Kaye and Ivor Moreton (pianos); Tommy Venn (guitar); Arthur Calkin (bass); Joe Arbiter (sax); Jack Collins (trombone); Nat Temple (clarionet); Bert Wilton (trumpet); Tommy Porter (trumpet); Harry Goss (saxophone); Joe Daniels (drums); Maurice Sterndale (violin); and Bill Currie (vocalist). They're all British—and they've all got a sense of humour! They *have* to have humour. . . .

Joe Daniels, for instance, is a little show on his own, with those whirling drum-sticks. Quick on the uptake, too. One night during a broadcast a water dropped a tray . . . and Joe rounded off the clatter with a hot break on the drums that made it sound like part of the show!

From start to finish every man is "keyed up," alert, ready for anything. The result is that when the unexpected happens, a quick impromptu "gag" puts the number over bigger than ever.

In a rollicking comedy number, "There's a Body on the Line," which was put over the other night, they lost the whistle that was supposed to indicate the milk-train fast approaching. "Whistle," yelped Harry, and back came the reply—"Somebody's swallowed it!"

Over the mike it went, and the millions laughed again.

Crazy moments! There's plenty of them when this amazing band gets going. What a laugh I had a few nights back, when Ivor Moreton romped back to his piano from a vocal threesome, and discovered the piano-stool had suddenly lost a leg. He plunged into his solo undismayed, whilst one of the boys knelt down and made himself into a human stool. So if you heard Harry gurgle, "Ivor Moreton has just played a piano solo on his head," you'll know he meant on somebody else's head! And, believe me those nimble-fingered piano bits are quite difficult enough to play without any accidents happening!

The clock ticks on towards midnight. Handkerchiefs dab at perspiring brows, and the boys swing into the good old "Tiger Rag" . . . the trumpet roars, tears into that sensational solo, relaxes, and fades into a dying grunt. "He's dead!"

Harry grabs the mike, grins at it, blows it a kiss, and hands out his cheery farewell. . . .

"Good night, everybody. Hope you've enjoyed our programme. Happy dreams, sweet dreams, everything you wish yourself. Hocha!"

2pm to 6am
WHAT A DAY!

By HARRY ROY of the MAYFAIR

Harry tries a new disc on his portable.

"Sweet dreams!"—And Mick is sharing them.

HOW do I fill a day?

You've asked me something! I hardly know just where my day does start!

It generally commences about twelve o'clock mid-day, when I open one eye cautiously, just to convince myself that there are not hordes of people surging round the end of my bed clamouring for autographs. I've been dreaming of my "fans."

I wonder "what's on" to-day. Grab the 'phone and find out. Lucky thing that I got this extension wired through to my bedside, saves getting out of a nice warm bed.

"Hullo!" No answer.

Of course, it had to happen! I must have been too tired to switch the extension through last night. Oh, well, there's nothing for it, I suppose I must get out of bed.

After a cold wait at the 'phone desk on the other side of the room, I manage to get through to my secretary.

"Hullo! That you, Miss Grossmith? Anything on to-day? Break it as gently as you can. Ouch! At two o'clock, did you say? Yes, all right. Why can't those people wait with their records?"

Well, there's time for another half-hour in bed. Is there? Oh, dear no! Every time I make up my mind that I'm going to have five minutes more in bed, there's a terrific racket outside. Ivor Moreton and Bill Currie appear.

That always means a "major" scrap. I generally find after all that I don't feel like getting back into bed again.

Feeling Nice and Untidy!

On with the electric fire, and a dressing-gown. I like a dressing-gown. One can feel so untidy without looking it!

Ivor sits on the piano stool. I perch my feet over the fire. We start the new-born day with a new-born song that one of the boys has thought of when he should have been asleep.

That goes on for half an hour. Heavens! I nearly forgot that appointment! Two o'clock, hours there if I only had the time, but every time that I go there to shave, bath or wash, the 'phone starts or somebody calls for a chat.

My breakfast consists of two or three buttered toasts and a cup of tea. Of course, the tea always gets cold before I'm ready.

"Come on, you fellows, out you all go. I've an appointment at two, and fifteen minutes to go."

Off we go and dig up the Sunbeam. We can just do it if only those "stop and go" red and green lights work properly. Oh, how cosy the car feels to-day!

Wish to goodness that I could get more time to do a little more driving. There's nothing I like more than a good "blind" on a straight bit of macadam.

You Should See Mick

Well, here we are! I shan't be long, boys. A hurried dash and I'm "on duty," just as the clock strikes two. Good, to time again, boys!

Now for lunch.

Who am I lunching with to-day? I wonder. Must find out.

Dash for the nearest 'phone. "Hallo! That you, Miss Grossmith? What's on for lunch to-day? Oh, him! All right. What—they want real stories! Oh!"

It's all dash.

There are too many things to be done.

Am I fond of animals? Now you have touched me on a point that really gives me something to wilt about.

I wish you could see my Mick—he's great. The only thing is, I only see him week-ends. Oh, sorry, forgot to tell you. Mick is my pet dog—a terrier. When I get home, Mick is always with me.

Yes, I love any kind of animal. Syd, my brother, knows that. Gave me a huge stuffed cat for good luck. "Pussy" goes everywhere with the boys.

But it is the week-end that I like most. Then I can get home to see my mother and sister and all the family pals.

He Hasn't Been Found Out Yet!

I get up earlier. Must have a round of golf first. I could play golf every day of the week and still enjoy it. I do manage it some days in the week, but that means getting up too early!

Then Mick has a good time. He dashes about all over the place. Whenever Mick turns up with me to golf, the members all want to know what has happened. Golf balls seem to disappear in a mysterious way. Mick hasn't been found out yet!

Oh, I forgot to tell you about my mail. That is "served up" when I wake. Letters from all over the world, and I just love 'em.

Some of them I cannot read, so I reply by cutting out the address on the writer's letter and sticking it on my own envelope! I often wonder who gets that reply!

The boys come over whenever there's time to do a bit of impromptu work. I'm not saying there's no noise, nor am I saying there is NOISE.

Along to the Mayfair.

Between numbers there's sure to be a few photos to autograph. No wonder I get writer's cramp. That goes on till two o'clock in the morning.

I give a whoop, and pack up for home. No, there's a party down West that I promised to attend. Oh, well! And, in the end, it's bed at six a.m.!

I GET A KICK OUT OF MY WORK

WHEN I FACE THE MIKE

BUT REHEARSING IS A NIGHTMARE

"... We are now taking you over to the Mayfair Hotel for a programme of dance music by Harry Roy and his band."

I still get a thrill every time that announcement is put on the air!

I am not nervous about broadcasting; nor am I blase about the vast audience, who, through the radio, can for all practical purposes join the merry throng at the Mayfair.

It is simply that, for the man who does it, there is still a real kick in giving microphone entertainments to millions. And while the leader of a dance orchestra may not feel that he is filling any very big mission in life, he does, immediately he comes on the air, start to realise his responsibility.

So let me take you over with me to the ballroom of this sumptuous hotel one evening just before we are due to broadcast, and then show you how it is all done.

"Meet the Boys!"

First of all, let me introduce you to the boys.

Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye play on the two pianos. (Bill Currie does not play the piano, as some listeners suppose.) Ivor Moreton is the vocalist who sings most of the sweet numbers, and I, of course, sing the "hot" ones. Assisting Ivor at the microphone is Bill Currie.

Joe Daniels, of course, is at the drums—and you cannot over-estimate the importance of this rhythm section.

Nat Temple is the first saxophone and clarinet, while Joe Arbiter is the second sax, and he also plays the clarinet. Harry Goss is the tenor saxophone player, while Bert Wilton and Tommy Porter are the two trumpeters. And a very fine trumpeters, too.

The trombone is man-handled by the very expert Jack Collins, and Maurice Sterndale plays the violin. Tommy Venn, who has been with me since the very early days, plays the guitar and banjo while completing the list is Arthur Calkin, the "boomp-a-doomp man," who is, of course, the bass player.

They are a fine set of players, and I am quite frank about the fact that I would not change any of them. Not only are they all good technicians, but in addition there is a fine spirit of camaraderie about my band, which is only the result of every member pulling his weight.

But hear them play, and judge for yourself.

I know you are anxious to hear us run through one or two of the popular numbers—"Dog-gone I've Done It," "Bom-di-bom," and "Canadian Capers," for example.

And are your feet aching to dance to "Tiger Rag" or "Bugle Call Rag"?

Well, at exactly half-past nine we come on to the stage of the Mayfair and start playing. That is, of course, whether we are broadcasting or not. On our broadcasting evening the 9.30 start gives us about an hour to get thoroughly into the swing of things before we have to be ready to face the microphone.

Believe me, by the time the light goes on at ten-twenty-five—a red flashlight is the warning that the microphone is being switched on by the B.B.C.—we are quite ready to face our vast, unseen audience.

Are You Listening?

The red light flashes, and we "start in" with our signature tune. Maybe I go to make the first announcement at the microphone, or if the evening's programme schedule is arranged that way the opening announcement is made by Bill Currie, who incidentally does quite a lot of the announcing during the evening.

As you know, we open our programme with "Bugle Call Rag."

If you have ever seen our band at the Mayfair, or on the stage, then you will have some idea of what follows when we are facing the microphone for an evening's broadcast.

But, if not, then I almost despair of trying to describe to you the lively scene that is enacted on the special stage at the Mayfair.

The band is absolutely full of life, and I do everything I can in conducting, playing, leading, singing, and dancing to get over an atmosphere of extreme jollity.

I try to give a breezy programme with plenty of harmony, and believe me at times when some of the comedy stuff is being done, perhaps by a vocal trio or quartette in which I am taking part, it is very difficult for us to stop laughing at each other!

And although you may think that it is silly to act about in front of a microphone when only a roomful of people can see us, I can assure you it is really the right way to get across a jolly programme—the sort of thing which I know is appreciated.

Want to hear "Tiger Rag"?

All right.

Dave Kaye comes down from his piano and sits at Ivor Moreton's piano, Ivor sitting at treble end. Did you know that they played their famous arrangement of "Tiger Rag" on the same piano?

A "Tiger Rag" Secret

Hundreds of radio listeners write to ask me how we manage to get the pianos so exactly synchronised, but the fact is that they play on the same keyboard, and I can assure you that it is extremely difficult to get in all the runs in the limited space.

The band just goes crazy during "Tiger Rag," and the orchestral background accompaniment is quite in keeping with the amazingly delicate and precise runs up and down the keyboard which are executed by Ivor and Dave Kaye.

As I have told you, Ivor Moreton does a great deal of singing at the microphone with Bill Currie.

And while Bill after every two numbers does the announcing when for any reason I am not able to do it myself, Ivor also has a rush. He has to get quickly from his piano to the microphone, and at the end of the vocal get back to the keyboard again as quickly as he can.

And while the programme is going gaily on, may I just remind you that our hour at the Mayfair before we come on the microphone, and the subsequent hour and a half's programme, is not the sum total of our day's work.

Rehearsing is a constant nightmare to me, and on many days of the week we have rehearsals from a very early hour in the afternoon.

Of course, they are absolutely informal, and all the boys have plenty of rope. But, musically speaking, it is a difficult job, and while we are rehearsing I have to deal with many business difficulties about music publishers and arrangers. It is really very difficult to get all the work done in the time, and to get the new numbers rehearsed ready for our evening's broadcast.

During the rehearsals the cheery Joe Daniels, with a tremendous array of instruments all round him, sits very contented with life, smoking his pipe!

At the Mayfair he still looks very happy, but, of course, he is minus his pipe!

Mistakes Are Fatal

We go through some more of our popular numbers—"The Villain of the Piece," "I Stole Back the Gal," and so on.

The clock ticks slowly on towards midnight, and I must confess to feeling just a little bit of strain owing to the continued high pressure.

You can't slack off for a moment—and you must not make any mistake. Things that would pass unnoticed in the ordinary ballroom, little lapses and trifling errors which no ordinary dancer would notice, seem to be magnified out of all proportion when you hear them on the radio.

It's just on twelve o'clock, and the B.B.C.'s red light flashes again as a signal for our act to come to a close before Big Ben gives the night's farewell.

But unfortunately it isn't "good-night" for us yet. We have a great deal more work to do, and we have to be up early the following day, for there is a new batch of rehearsals to go through ready for the next time we face the microphone.

But it's a great life!

On duty! The new gag looks a good one!

Those Hot "Tiger Raggers"

Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye of Harry Roy's Band

IN all probability, the most popular rendering of that undying favourite, "Tiger Rag," is the syncopated duet version performed by Harry Roy's nimble ivory-ticklers, Dave Kaye and Ivor Moreton.

Perhaps you have heard the record in which Harry introduces Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye by announcing that he can't understand why he's not allowed to play the piano these days—or some such lament—and says, after the boys have given their amazing recital, "Now I know why!"

Great boys are Ivor and Dave. Let's have a chat with them.

Thrown Out of a Job

First Dave. He was born twenty-eight years ago in Hackney. For four years he studied pianoforte, rather discursively and without much attention, until he was fourteen, when he jettisoned his piano and his school and was duly entombed by his hopeful parents in a timber merchant's office. Three years went by and Dave neglected the piano entirely. His success as a pianist, however, is due, indirectly, to a slump in trade, which threw him out of work at seventeen.

Unemployed, he wandered aimlessly for weeks in his own locality, and when strolling around a big store, bumped into an old school pal, who advertised sheet music by playing the numbers on a violin to the accompaniment of a young lady at the piano.

The two old chums got talking. "Mabel's leaving here at the end of the week," said Dave's friend, "and I shall need another pianist. You used to do a bit of playing, I remember, so how about coming in with me?"

Well, as I've said, Dave hadn't touched a note for three years, but since, by a simple process of logic, a job, whichever way you look at it, remains a job, there was only one thing to do.

Well, Dave Kaye began working for £3 12s 6d a week, but left some time later to form his own band at the Casino, Finchley Road.

Dave has played for Jerry Hoey, Syd Lipton, and Jack Harris. He has accompanied Binnie Barnes and Florence Desmond in cabaret.

You want to know how he met Ivor? Well, here's the story.

Ivor was born at Highbury. He went to a secondary school, and, on leaving, languished two years of his life away in a stockbroker's office.

Aching to do something with his hands, he took on a job of spraying paint colours on ladies' dresses, and eventually became manager of the plant.

Meantime, Ivor had been fiddling about with the piano. When he was fourteen he played for "local hops," but didn't do any professional playing until several years later, when he threw up a "promising" position at the spraying plant in order to join Bill Currie and a drummer at Rothfield's club. There he stayed for some time, and, curiously enough, he, too, had occasion to accompany Binnie Barnes.

It was then that he met Dave. Dave used to drop into the club occasionally and, as both were pianists, they got talking. In time they began playing odd duets and found, to their mutual delight, that their styles dovetailed beautifully.

Into a Gang Fight

Afterwards Ivor got a job at the May Club. Here, he once got mixed up in a rather exciting scrape when a gang of toughs tried to gain admission to the club.

Irritated when the management exercised "the right to refuse admission"—that popular warning to the public—they began throwing their weight about. One of the violinists, in a panic, threw his fiddle out of an obscure window and dived after it. But when he saw the toughs approaching in his direction, he quickly climbed back into the club!

Ivor and Dave do Harry's arranging, and in their leisure swim, ride, and play golf and cricket.

Dave Kaye.

Ivor Moreton.

What it is like when Harry and his May Fair boys prepare a new comedy number.

"L I-TI-EE-TEEE!"

Through the still air of the afternoon came the high-pitched, quavering tones of a yodeller's call.

Surprised, I began to make my way from the summit (of the big staircase at the May Fair Hotel) to the valley below—in other words, to the restaurant, which I had believed to be quite empty, since luncheon was long over and it was not nearly time for dinner.

As I descended there reached my ears, clear and unmistakable, the "maa!" of a mountain goat; it was followed a moment later by the whinny of a horse and the mooing of cows. At this I became convinced that I was booked for a visit to Colney Hatch.

And then, as I was wondering apprehensively what it felt like to be wrapped up in a strait-jacket, I found myself listening with tremendous relief to a sound that was both familiar and explanatory of everything—the pleasant sound of a dance band getting under way. One of my favourite dance bands, moreover—that of Harry Roy.

No longer was there any need for me to feel anxious about myself; all was quite plain now. It was Friday, of course—the day of Harry's weekly broadcast—and he was rehearsing his band in the restaurant. I had arrived at a moment when he and his boys were polishing up one of those comedy numbers for which they are especially famous. I decided that it would be fun to look on.

So I continued my progress down the stairs, walked into the restaurant bold as brass, and attempted to disguise myself as one of the many representatives of the music-publishing houses who were grouped round a couple of tables close to the shirt-sleeved boys of the band, which was playing "By the Mountains in Spring."

But it didn't take Harry long to espy me.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

I confessed. "He took it quite nicely. A kind-hearted chap is Harry.

"So you want to watch us rehearsing? Okay—so long as you promise not to make a sound. One hoot, and you're out, remember. I've got enough unseemly noises to contend with already." He turned back to his boys. "We'll play that number just once more."

It seemed to be going very well, I thought, but when they reached the farmyard noises Harry became suddenly agitato.

"Goat!" he shouted. "Where's that goat?"

The band stopped playing; Ivor Moreton ceased abruptly to yodel and Bill Currie to cackle.

"Sorry," said one of the violins. "I was 'maa-ing' as loudly as I could."

Harry nodded understandingly.

"The cows were mooing too much." He looked across at the offenders. "I think one of you two cows had better become a goat. And the other cow—don't moo so tunefully, or you'll interfere with Ivor's yodelling."

"By the Mountains in Spring" was presented at last to Harry's satisfaction. He decided that "Three Little Fat Girls" should be tried out next.

"Who's going to be who?" asked Bill Currie.

"Ivor can be Annie, I'll be Fannie, and you be Hilda."

They got going—but not for long.

Up went Harry's hand to halt the music and check Bill Currie's impromptu step-dance.

"I didn't like it much that way. We'll try it again with Ivor being Fannie and myself taking Annie." Then, to the band: "You saxophones weren't laughing quite realistically enough. Those instruments can be made to chortle so that you'd swear they were human voices. Here—I'll show you what I mean."

He grabbed a saxophone from the nearest player, and when I shut my eyes I found it well-nigh impossible to believe that those falsetto chuckles were not being emitted by a stupid and slightly hysterical female!

So this wonderful entertainment went on.

The band played "Miss Otis Regrets——" and Bill Currie showed himself to be such an exquisite comedian that even "the boys," accustomed as they were to his fooling, could not possibly repress their mirth.

Bill struck absurd postures, he executed a little step-dance of his own improvisation, he brushed his hair back from his forehead in the manner of a temperamental impresario. Anxious to observe Harry's silence decree, I stuffed my handkerchief into my mouth—and the members of the band must have wished they could do the same; but how is it possible when both one's hands are being used to fill the air with merry music? So they just had to give their hilarity full vent.

"Turn off that laughter!" bellowed Harry. "This is stark tragedy, remember." (Miss Otis—as you know, of course—regretted that she could not take lunch that day because she was going to be hanged.)

I found myself likening Harry more than once to a schoolmaster keeping in order a class of high-spirited—and somewhat overgrown—pupils. He would stand no nonsense, though he could never entirely manage to keep that well-known twinkle out of his eye!

"Pipe down!" he would shout, when the boys were becoming a little too hilarious, and then—when two or three of them entered into an argument on how a certain piece should be played—"Stop chattering and listen to me!"

But Harry admitted to me after the rehearsal that it pays to let the boys expend a certain amount of their natural buoyancy.

"You see," he explained, "their wisecracks often give me ideas for adding still more gaiety to our comedy numbers. Lots of the gags you hear over the wireless are the result of their jokes at rehearsals."

But I think I gave Harry the best idea of all.

"Why not get the B.B.C. to broadcast one of these rehearsals?" I said. "Take it from me, that would be *some* hit!"

I wonder if my words of advice will reach Broadcasting House—and be favourably received? If so, I can assure all you listeners that you are in for a real treat!

OOH! THAT TIGER HARRY!

WHEN I say that Harry Roy is enthusiastic, I don't do him justice. Enthusiasm, as the Americans have it, is certainly his middle name.

He has always to be enthusiastic over something. Even as a boy he was enthusiastic. Only, at that time, it was fighting he liked. He only got tired when there were no more boys left in the school willing to fight him.

When he left school he threw up the chance of going into his father's box-making business and went out to find a job for himself. He found it all right. In fact, he got five jobs in the course of five days. I should think this is something of a record. Temporarily tired of making his own way in the world, he went back to his father and making cardboard boxes.

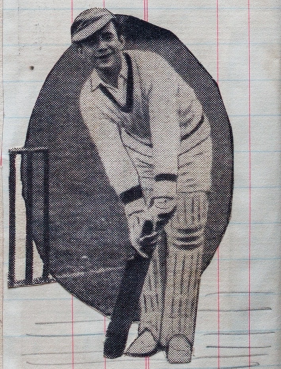
War was declared soon after, and with it came Harry's new craze. He decided that he had the right build for riding a motor-cycle. He managed to go through the next four years without a single serious accident, so that Harry owes a vote of thanks to his guardian angel!

In 1919, his brother, Syd, having left the Army, formed a small dance band, and also gave Harry a clarinet for his birthday. These twin events gave Harry his enthusiasm for dance music, and that enthusiasm is as strong to-day as it was fifteen years ago!

During the run of popularity which this band had, Harry had his first, but by no means last, accident on a motor-bike. That accident resulted in a lecture from his mother and a return to the box factory.

But was this Tiger Ragamuffin downhearted? Within a few weeks, in conjunction with brother Syd, he had collected together another band, and, with American collars, and *pseudo*-American accents, they were again making themselves known to the dance-going public. After a short time of working in the factory during the day and in a night-club at night, Harry decided that burning a candle at both ends wasn't too bad, but to burn it in the middle as well was asking for trouble. So once more we find him feeding cardboard to a machine.

But once the music fever had entered his veins, he found it impossible to work it out of his system. On went the American collar once more, and back to a night-club went our Harry.



A Nasty Spill!

After four years, any idea of going back to a factory was forgotten, and the band started playing at the Café de Paris. Then came Harry's last ride on a motor-cycle. He merely argued with a lamp-post while travelling at sixty miles an hour, and lost! That little dust-up gave him a headache for two years and crutches for three months, as well as a life-long dislike of 'bikes. From that time Harry has contented himself with a car.

To-day he is as enthusiastic over three big things: his band, his public, and cricket, of which he is no mean exponent.

One of his greatest fans is the Rani of Sarawak, and it is in her honour that he has composed a new number called "Sarawaki Blues." He and the band have recorded the number, and the Rani took the record back with her when she left England.

Harry is not temperamental, nor has he any eccentricities. He has only one idiosyncrasy. If he feels in need of a rest, he goes to a cinema and sleeps the programme round. I'm afraid I do the same thing, but not for the same reason.

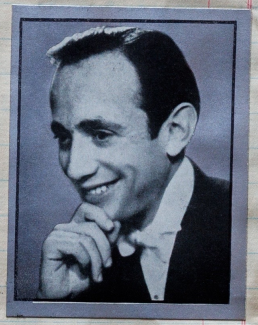
And now, slim, vital and a bundle of nervous energy, Harry stands high in dance-band circles as the Panjandrum of Hot Music. He has almost made "Tiger Rag" a folk song in this country!

Yes, the future looks good for Harry Roy.

MY LIFE

—By—

HARRY ROY



"TIRED? I'll say I'm tired. I don't know when I feel more tired, mornings or nights. In the mornings I think it's mornings, and at night I think it's nights! It makes me laugh when I hear people saying, 'Gee! That's a soft way of earning a living, standing up and waving your hands!'

"Believe me, these days a band-leader's life is eighteen hours' hard labour per day . . . Sundays included.

"But I wouldn't swap my job for all the money in the world . . . no, not for all the rice in China. I get a kick out of every minute of it, and I shall go on getting a thrill till the last fade-out. . . ."

It was Harry Roy speaking. Small, pale, dapper Harry Roy, Britain's King of Hot-cha. The young man who has risen from humble beginnings to a proud pinnacle in the Show World. One of the popular heroes of this day and age; one of the men who have helped to make dance music a vital force in the lives of millions of ordinary folk like you and me.

Come down Memory Lane with Harry . . . it's been a gay journey, full of hard knocks, disappointments, triumphs and thrills . . .

"If you'd have told any of the kids I used to play with that some day my name was going to be known pretty nearly all over the world, that my photograph would ever be splashed all over the newspapers, and that eventually I should land up in a Park Lane flat, with an expensive car and West End offices and quite a pleasant bank balance, they would have thought you daffy," said Harry, with a grin.

"And if you'd have told *me* all this, years ago, I would have told you straight *out* that you *were* daffy! Things like that happen in novels, and to other people, not to oneself. That's what people think, and that's what I would have thought if ever I had even bothered to think about it at all. But you never can tell what tricks Old Man Fate has up his sleeve.

"In fact, it all seems a bit crazy to me even now. I can't help thinking to myself sometimes, 'Harry, boy, this is all nonsense. You'll wake up one day and find it's all a glorious rag, a mad-hatter dream!' But then the 'phone rings and a publisher wants me to feature a number, or a would-be crooner wants to outdo Ivor Moreton, or my brother Syd waggles a contract in front of me, and I know it's no dream but a cast-iron fact, and I get on with the full-time job of being Harry Roy, band-leader, broadcaster and comedian.

"Most people, when they start on their reminiscences, are able to trot out a whole heap of facts about their early days. Facts that seem to point the way to their ultimate success. I'm afraid I can't do that. My schoolboy days were remarkably ordinary.

"I was born in London, and my father was the owner of a box-manufacturing factory, and . . . but you'll hear plenty about that factory! I went to Beccles College and led an ordinary sort of schoolboy life. I did just about as little work as most kids do until they're found out. I scrapped with the other boys on the least provocation. Mostly the big ones, but that wasn't my choice; you see, I was such a little fellow that almost every fellow I scrapped with *had* to be bigger than me.

"It was at school that I became interested in games, an interest which I haven't allowed myself to drop, despite the many other claims on my time. Football, cricket (yes, you'll hear a lot more about cricket, too!) and swimming."

Harry's reference to swimming reminds me of something that I'd better tell you, because he was far too modest to tell me about it himself.

It concerns the first big thrill in a life that hasn't been devoid of incident, and shows Harry in the light of life-saver. It was in a two-miles swimming race in the River Waveney. One of Harry's rivals collapsed, and Harry managed to struggle with him to the bank. Later on in the race another boy collapsed. By this time it was becoming a habit with Harry, and once more he struggled to the shore with a fainting boy.

Then he got on with the race and finished last . . . almost winning the race following! That must be about the only time on record that Harry has finished last in any enterprise on which he has set his heart!

And, incidentally, they are not the only two lives he has saved. If you could see some of the letters sent to Harry from dying and hopeless cases in hospitals, letters showing how Harry's "full-of-pep" broadcasts from the Mayfair Hotel have given fresh interest, courage, good spirits and strength to those in the Shadow, you'll know what I mean.

"In those schooldays I had some interest in music. My parents had persuaded me to learn the piano, and I was quite a star turn at school," Harry continued. "I used to get a lot of tannings because I and my dormitory mates would persist in singing into the small hours of the morning.

"And once I was caught half-way through an imitation of our 'Stinks' master . . . quite a masterly little effort which I'm sure I haven't since bettered on the stage or air!"

Schooldays over, Harry back home, and engrossed in the problem of how to carve out a career for himself. Of course, there was a place waiting for him in his father's factory, but that didn't appeal to Harry.

So he walked out and got a job in an office in the City Road. Exactly half an hour later he was out on the pavements of the City Road, looking for another job!

"Maybe I didn't give it a fair trial, but the routine just burned me up," Harry admitted. "Anyway, I got five different jobs in as many days, so my father took a hand, and I became an employee in his firm, the City Box Manufacturing Company, Limited.

"Oh, gee! The agony of those days! First my father died, and then war broke out. Everybody was at the Front, and on me—too young to join up—fell the task of running the whole factory with just a handful of assistants.

"Those days were as rushed as Broadcast Day is now. I'd get to the factory very early . . . letters . . . contracts . . . telephone calls . . . then a switch over to the factory. I'd cart bales of cardboard about the factory; I'd feed it to the machines (to this day I don't understand how those machines worked!).

"I'd oil the machines, I'd dash back to the office to dictate more letters and interview clients, then back to the factory, with more boxes to be made! Boxes, boxes, boxes . . . the sight of a cardboard box these days makes me want to run amok!

"Maybe that's why I'm now such a bundle of energy, and why I dash from place to place and switch from one phase of my job to another in a way that makes my secretary's life a turmoil."

(N.B.—Miss Margot Grossmith, the lady in question, assures me that as soon as Harry walks into the office the place is in a frenzy, and that she cannot cope with this five-feet-something live wire! Though, I must add, she seems very happy about it. . . .)

Harry speaking again. . . .

"Just about now I had the first of a series of motor-bike accidents. I guess I had a Very Particular Angel looking after my interests, else now the dance music from the Mayfair Hotel would be conducted by someone other than Harry Roy!

"I went to the station to meet Brother Syd, who was home on leave, and on the way back the machine went temperamental, caught fire and flung us far into the air. Net result, a bad scare, cuts and bruises, and a grim determination—broken within a couple of weeks—never to ride a motor-bike again!

"It was Syd who really did the one thing needed to switch me on the career in which I have earned a lot of money and my share of fame. He gave me a clarinet for my birthday. I've told you that I could play the piano a bit, and also I used to amuse myself by strumming a banjo. But it was the clarinet that lit the spark . . . .

"That and the fact that Syd had a brain-wave. He started a little amateur musical act. My part was the piano, the banjo and the clarinet. We used to practise at home, and it must have been pretty dire for the neighbours.

"In fact, one man was so infuriated at losing his night's rest that he tried to get up a petition among the neighbours to have us turned out of our houses as Public Enemies Nos. 1 and 2!

"Incidentally, I met him recently, and find that he's now one of my keenest 'fans,' though he assures me that he never hears me play the clarinet without wincing at the dreadful memory!

"Then we decided to expand, and we formed a small band to play at a dance-hall in Oxford Street. This was only a hobby, remember, and during the day we were still running the box factory, though not very successfully from a financial point of view.

"We called ourselves 'The Darnswells' (work that one out!) and we became popular. Popular enough, anyway, to make us take a chance. We started a dance-hall at the Fitzroy Galleries, and had a lot of fun and lost a lot of money. Just about now I had another motor-cycle smash, which put me on crutches for a month.

"Never has a business been so neglected as was our box factory during those days when Syd and I were laid up badly by the musical germ. The old factory seemed to stagger along, losing money steadily, till even I, young and impetuous as I was, realised that we were heading for disaster.

"So Syd and I threw up music and went back to Big Business."

Harry paused, and his eyes were serious.

"Honestly, I think that was the noblest thing I've ever done in my life! Just imagine; in a small way we were forging ahead in the musical world. I had the itch within me, the rhythm surged in my blood. The thrill of sitting on the platform, while happy dancers glided by, their faces lit up with the joy of music; the subdued lights, the gaiety . . . imagine exchanging that for the dull monotony of a factory!

"Incidentally, I get the same thrill now as I watch the dancers at the Mayfair—once a band-leader loses that thrill, then he is finished.

"So we carried on for a while at the factory," continued Harry, "and it sometimes during the day I found my mind wandering from prosaic facts and figures and the sound of the box-making machines seemed to take on a syncopated lilt, there was compensation in the fact that the factory seemed to be paying a bit better. And I was in a *steady* job, anyway."

But the best-laid schemes o' mice and cardboard box manufacturers gang oft agley, said a poet years ago, and Old Man Music took on the rôle of Serpent and began to tempt Harry and his brother again. A West End restaurant asked them to form a band, and offered a fee that sent the Roys slightly dizzy.

"The upshot was that we *did* form a band, and a good one at that," Harry told me, "and we decided to cash in on the American tendency then apparent in dance-music. London dancers wanted American musicians, did they? O.K., Toots! They should have them.

"We bought ourselves American collars, invested in one or two pairs of 'Harold Lloyd' spectacles—with plain glass—and some chewing-gum, and then adopted nasal American accents! *Voila* . . . . the newest band of 'American' hot-cha rhythm boys. And how!

"That led to one very embarrassing experience. One night a patron came up to me, and, talking in a Yankee accent which you could have cut with a blunt penknife, said to me:

"'Say, kid. I guess this is a swell outfit you've gotten here. And you, say, you're pretty hot on that sax. Lookit here, son, *what State do you come from?*'

"I thought as quickly then as I have ever done before or since, and, quick as a flash, I retorted: 'Idaho, pard, mighty glad to have you know me, *excuse me!*'

"Remember that all this time I was still working at the factory by day and playing from eleven to three a.m. every night at this restaurant club. I know it's supposed to be bad for one to burn the candle at both ends, but doing it does give one a grand light! I kept it up for a few weeks, and then I got to a pitch where I simply couldn't keep my eyes open during the mornings at the factory.

"I was now at the cross-roads. I had to make a decision. Business or music? I obviously couldn't keep up both. In the end music's lure was too strong, and the factory was sold. For better or worse I was going to make a 'do' of this music career. . . ."

Can you spot Harry Roy here? These are Syd Roy's "Lyricals" of eight years ago. Harry is on the extreme right. Brother Syd in the centre.

"OUR next move was to a 'palais' in North London, where the hours were a bit more reasonable. I count this period as grand experience, because nowhere do you find keener or more critical dance-music fans than in palais-de-danse. They dance for the sheer love of it—not just as a means of passing away an odd hour between supper and a reluctant adjournment to bed—and you've got to be keen on your job and always on your toes to satisfy them.

"There was then a spell at another night-club, and the next move was a big one. Paris! City of gay lights, pretty women, nights of melody! It was my first trip abroad, and though I've been something of a globe-trotter since, I've never enjoyed a trip better. We made a lot of money, too, because the exchange suddenly leaped up in our favour.

"That engagement was the first time we really got 'in the money,' and though with all my increasing expense it would not go very far now, it certainly showed me that there was £s. d. as well as real excitement in this new life.

"This French trip did our prestige a world of good, and we came back to open up at the Café de Paris. Though there was no stipulated time in our contract we never expected that we would become so popular that we would stay there four years, and playing every night to enthusiastic and well-packed floors.

"The funny thing is that as soon as I became connected with a new enterprise I seemed to run into trouble through those blessed motor-cycles. It happened, you remember, on the night we were due to open at the Fitzroy Galleries, and early in our run at the Café de Paris, I had another spell, hitting a lamp-post at sixty miles an hour.

"Crutches for three months, a recurring headache for two years, and sundry cuts and scars was my legacy from this little misadventure. I've never ridden a motor-bike since. I get my speed now from the comfort of a high-powered Sunbeam!

"As far as I can make out we might still be at the Café de Paris if we hadn't decided to make a move," Harry told me. "Even at the end of four years we were still pulling them in, but one can stay in a place too long, and we decided we wouldn't risk wearing out our welcome.

"Besides, we had an opportunity of touring, and that seemed to offer some grand experience. Syd Roy's 'Lyricals' opened at the Coliseum and stayed there for eighteen weeks, and then followed it with a twenty-six weeks season at the Alhambra.

"People often ask me to tell them my worst experience," Harry remarked, "and I always confess that it was on the opening night of our Coliseum season. You see, though during the previous few years we had had a good deal of valuable experience, it was our first spell on the stage, and particularly on the West End stage. Even if I live to be a hundred and fifty"—(brief aside while Harry conjured up comic, but very real dismay, at the thought of "The King of Hot-cha" crooning "Somebody Stole My Gal" from the depths of an antiquated bathchair)—"I shall never forget the horror of that night.

"Imagine the scene. The curtain down. On the other side of the foot-lights that low, muted hum of an audience waiting . . . waiting . . . in front, m a y b e, 'knockers'—people who are out to put a damper on any new act—critics, booking agents. An air of suspense. Would we be a flop? Or would this put us right on the top of the world?

"Ever had a sick feeling in the pit of your stomach and felt icy cold at the very moment that perspiration is breaking out all over your face? Worse than the dentist. Worse than watching the 'Spurs fighting against relegation. No? Well, that's the feeling we had in the moment that seemed a year before the curtain rose.

"The curtain was to rise on the boys playing, and Syd, who was conducting, gave us the 'One—two—three' that was our signal. Not a sound came. He tried again. The boys could hardly hold their instruments. Some of us managed to squeak out a couple of quavering, trembly notes. Syd tried again. And then it happened. We started together, and everything from then on was O.K.

"After that, in 1928, we set out on our next Big Adventure. A tour of South Africa." Harry's eyes became dreamy. "We certainly did clean up on that trip. Take Johannesburg, for instance. We were booked to play for two weeks, and in the end we had to stay six! And in Port Elizabeth, Pretoria, Kimberley—everywhere, we were met with tremendous enthusiasm on every side.

"After a long period in Africa we were due to return to England, but at the very last moment we had an offer to play in Australia. The affair was so rushed that we hardly had time to get our luggage packed, and we rushed on to the first boat that was available.

"Not till we were under way did we find that it was not an ordinary liner, but an emigration boat from Scotland! We might have been stowaways for all the comfort we had.

"If you could have seen us when we crawled off the boat on arriving in Australia! Anyone would have wagered all their possessions that we would never have the strength to lift up our instruments, let alone entertain people. I was feeling particularly miserable, because as well as playing my sax and clarinet I was the comedy man and dancer.

"I'd always had a yearning to make people laugh—maybe you've noticed I've still got it?—and I was enjoying the opportunity. But if there's one thing that's needed before you can make people laugh it's a well-lined stomach!

"Maybe we hadn't fully recovered from our dreadful ordeal, because on the first night, when we opened at Sydney, we flopped badly. That's the truth. 'Aussie' audiences are notoriously hard-boiled, and all the most hard-boiled ones seemed to be in front on our opening night."

Hrrry's The Boy!

When I Nearly Gave Up This Band Business,

and how "Harry Roy's Band" Began.

"TIGER RAGAMUFFIN,"

LINE-UPS.

HARRY ROY'S BAND.

SAXES (and Clarinets): Nat Temple, Harry Goss and Joe Arbiter.
BRASS: Bert Wilton and Tommy Porter (*trumpets*), Jack Collins (*trombone*).
RHYTHM: Arthur Calkin (*bass*), Maurice Sterndale (*violin*), Tom Venn (*guitar and banjo*), Bill Currie (*announcer, vocals and tympani*), Joe Daniels (*drums*), Dave Kaye (*piano*), Ivor Moreton (*vocals and piano*).

The "Ayes" Have "It" With Harry Roy!

"I DID my comedy and patter and dancing through a ghastly silence . . . and then at the end of the show there was a colossal burst of applause! The surprise was like a sudden draught of champagne, and pepped us up no end! Anyway, we stayed three weeks at Sydney, and then went on to Melbourne, with equal success.

"In Melbourne we had our first experience of radio work. Little did I dream when we first went on the air in Australia that some day I would be in the position I now am, with a regular 'spot' on the air and a following of radio fans all over the country.

"We went on the air every night in our last week at Melbourne, broadcasting not from a studio but from the King's Theatre. That week was great fun and considerably less work than one Friday night these days!

"Next we had an offer to go to New Zealand, and after consideration we turned it down. And a jolly good job, too! The boat we were due to sail on was wrecked and went down with all the passengers. Yes, Fate's been very kind to me.

"While this tragedy was happening we were en route for Tasmania. The storm that wrecked the New Zealand boat did not do us much good. We were sailing on quite a small boat, and the journey took us over twice as long as it should have done. I was *nearly* ill, and I stress that point because it's my proud boast that I've never been seasick.

"DURING this trip I did something that I have never since been able to live down! The heavy storm gave me such uneasy qualms that I actually made my will and put it in a bottle which I flung overboard.

"With melancholy eyes I watched it float away on its long, last journey—the bottle which was speeding the tidings that a promising young musician had played his last lingering notes!—and then settled down to await the end!

"And then we reached shore . . .

"I shall never forget my first impressions of Tasmania. Water, water everywhere! Bridges had been wrecked in the storm, a dam had burst and streets everywhere were flooded. But somehow or other we had to reach Hobart to put on our show.

"How we got there I do not really know," continued Harry. "We managed to rake up a couple of cars, and through flooded streets started our nightmare journey. After a day and a night of the slowest progress we eventually reached Hobart. But a fresh trouble arose. The van containing several of our larger instruments, including two pianos, was missing, and though we flashed telegraph and telephone messages nearly all over Tasmania the van could not be located.

"We managed to augment the instruments we had with ones borrowed from local bands, and with this scratch assembly we put on the show. I've never played on such an old crock of a piano as in that show. Every other note seemed to misfire, and I was most unhappy about the whole affair.

"YET, to our amazement, we had another colossal success, and when we left Tasmania bound for England, home and beauty we took with us the good wishes of a whole host of new friends, pleading with us to pay them a return visit.

"When the itching foot assails me again, and my various engagements permit me to leave England awhile, I shall certainly include Tasmania in my route. And I shall hope that it won't be in such 'Crazy Weather'!"

Back again in England, Harry found that the whole trend of entertainment had changed during his absence. Talkies had come into being, and the whole of the show world was swept up in this new novelty, and there was little time and money being spent on flesh-and-blood entertainments like bands.

"It really seemed in those early days of 1930 that we had sucked dry the musical orange," said Harry, "and Syd and I once again seriously contemplated throwing up music and getting back into a business that might give us adequate financial reward for good work.

"But it just couldn't be done. There's something about dance-music that gets you, and you can't be quite content out of the atmosphere. So I began to think round the subject. What I felt was wanted was a new method of presentation . . . something that would make the public sit up and say 'Hallo, this is new. Let's look into this.'

"I've told you that I've always believed in making people laugh. Laughter eases so many situations, breaks down so many barriers. So I decided to work up a 'hot' band in which comedy was the keynote. You've seen the result. To this day my programme, particularly my stage-show, is a comedy entertainment as well as a dance-music show.

"Tom Venn, who had been with Syd and me through all our adventures, was keen on the new idea, and we also had the good luck to run into Ivor Moreton and Bill Currie, neither of whom was known then; both boys fell in with my ideas and seemed likely talent.

"For weeks we practised, and Syd became one of the guiding influences in the new act. He gradually slipped more and more out of the limelight and took on heavier and more important duties as the man behind the scenes. And I would like to say here that no man has ever had a more astute and more loyal manager than I have had in Syd Roy.

"WE got an engagement at a small West End club, and our 'Hotcha' methods were then so unique that they packed the club night after night. Our success began to suggest wider possibilities to me, and then we got a really big break.

"The Leicester Square Theatre opened; and Syd secured the job of supplying the band. And so Harry Roy's R.K.-Olians came into being. For six months we worked at the Leicester Square Theatre, and worked really hard. Then we decided to tour, and that began a period of even harder and more intense work.

"We went into non-stop variety at the London Pavilion, for instance, and that meant four shows a day besides a West End club engagement at twelve-thirty for me and three or four of the boys. Remember, too, that that constituted merely the playing, and took no account of the tremendous labour behind the scenes . . . rehearsing new numbers, trying out new stunts, recording at the gramophone studios.

"Thank heaven I've never been afraid of work, or that period might well have broken me up. As it was I nearly suffered a nervous collapse. Wherever I went to recuperate I was faced with the same apparently incurable trouble. My heart and soul and all my thoughts and energies were in my job, and I could find no peace, no relief away from it.

"But, trying though it was to my health, those months were invaluable. The experience and the publicity were gradually building us up into a top-line attraction, and it seemed certain that quite soon we should get the break for which we were longing and working.

"It came. We went to the Café Anglais and soon secured a weekly broadcast. That was the beginning. When Ambrose left the Mayfair Hotel to play at the Embassy Club we applied for the vacancy and secured it. And from the Mayfair we have been operating since, and Friday night is now eagerly anticipated by millions of listeners, a fact which makes me very proud."

My Side of the 'Mike

Close-up of Harry in a typical "Hot-cha" expression.

WHAT an amazing thing this broadcasting is! After every broadcast thousands of people think it worth while to take the trouble to write to me. How I find the time I don't know, but I make a point of reading every one of those letters. Not only are they invaluable to me as an indication of what my fans are listening to, what they like, and what they don't like, but I look upon the letters as a link with all my fans, as proof that I am doing my job properly, and that my job is giving pleasure to so many people.

"You'd be amazed at some of the curiosities that find their way into my post-bag. Each dip into it is a new adventure and offers strange sidelights on the fact that 'there's nowt so queer as folk.'

"A large percentage of my post consists of breezy 'Good-luck' messages. Specially do I like getting notes from patients in hospitals . . . they are usually so gay and courageous and inspiring.

"Then, of course, there are the thousands of requests for photographs and autographs. In six weeks this year I have sent out over fifteen thousand photographs.

"That's swell. I flatter myself that none of you would want my photograph if I had not been able to give you some pleasure on Friday nights. So the more the merrier.

"THEN there are those letters, also very welcome, that contain constructive criticisms of my broadcasts and shows. They tell me the numbers you like best, and your reasons. They tell me which 'gags' go over well, and which are not so hot. Such letters often threaten me with the most ferocious forms of torment if, for instance, I dare to omit 'Three Fat Girls' from my programme! Funny, incidentally, how certain numbers become linked with certain bands.

"It seems to me that a new generation will have to arise before we can give up playing 'Three Fat Girls,' 'Nobody's Sweetheart,' 'Somebody Stole My Girl,' and, of course, the 'old faithful' among hot numbers, 'Tiger Rag.'

"O.K.! My motto is give the public what they want . . . else they'll give you what you don't want—the icy glance, the frozen mitt. Then, of course, you never know when your post-bag is going to reveal something really startling and out of the way in fan mail.

"There was one I had recently. It was about seven feet long and written by a woman, of course! It was a message in which were cleverly worked the titles of most of the more popular numbers that I have featured for the past few years.

"School children often surprise me, too. A week or so ago I received a tiger's tooth set in brass, which now occupies a place of honour over there on the mantelpiece.

"WHAT do you know about that for a piece of clever workmanship, eh? And the letter made me sit up, too. The small boy who sent it to me had stolen it from his school museum and broken out of his dormitory at nights to graft it in brass in the school workshop! He probably had to pay for his temerity with six of the best. That's what I call honest-to-goodness, hundred per cent fan-worship!

"Another time I had a request for a photograph from a girl at a boarding school. I sent her one, and a little while afterwards I received another letter from her asking for another photograph. She explained that she had had the first one under her pillow, but it was found and confiscated by one of the mistresses.

"A few days later the original photograph was sent to me by the mistress *asking me if I would autograph it for her!*

"There is only one section of my fan-mail that I do not like. It irritates me, and sometimes even sickens me. These letters I call 'crush-letters,' and I never answer them. They are from girls and women who address me in most endearing terms, and you'd be amazed at the lack of reticence and modesty shown by these unknown and unwelcome admirers.

"Almost every one of these letters contains a proposal of marriage, and as a result I am a kind of fugitive from a jane-gang!

"The idea that Harry Roy is a bachelor seems to shock and annoy these stupid women. The real reasons that I am a bachelor are these: (a) I have not, so far, met the right girl, and (b) I have had no time to get married, anyway. Both simple enough reasons, when you come to analyse them.

"Certainly I would never marry a girl who could bring herself to write one of these 'crush-notes' to me. What sort of girl *am* I looking for, by the way?

"WELL, I've explained that I've had no time to give the matter much thought. But it would not worry me whether she were blonde, brunette or red-headed so long as she had certain qualifications. She must be easy-going and not possessive. If I suddenly dropped in late at night with a batch of the boys she must not be taken by surprise, but must rally round and get us supper without grumbling and moaning under her breath, 'You might have warned me!'

"It would be fatal if she were possessive. A band-leader is necessarily tied to his job, and he can only give part of his life to his wife. So the future Mrs. Harry Roy will have to be sympathetic and understanding, and not feel that I'm neglecting her if I am sometimes too tired or too preoccupied to pay her the little attentions that women love.

"She would also have to be keen on sport. A girl who did not like speeding (outside those dreadful gong areas!) would have little in common with me. And, of course, cricket. I'm told there *are* girls who are bored when they watch cricket! Well, my wife would not only have to watch cricket and like it, but I don't think I would be interested in any girl who couldn't make some sort of show at the game herself. Think how useful it would be to have a wife who could stand up to your bowling so that you could polish up your right-hand spins!

"They are some of the qualifications needed by the girl I shall eventually marry. In case any of the fair readers of POPULAR MUSIC WEEKLY have those qualifications, let me hasten to add that I am not contemplating matrimony for some years.

"Frankly, I have neither the time nor the inclination. I've just moved into a new bachelor flat in Park Lane, and I've had a grand time furnishing it and seeing to such things as curtains, carpets and so on. I'm sure that the feminine touch couldn't improve it! Anyway, in case I need any feminine help I have arranged that the next flat shall be occupied by the most important woman in my life—my mother!"

"IF I needed any proof of how my Friday-night broadcasting from the Mayfair Hotel has 'put me on the map,' it was provided by the provincial tour I undertook at the back end of last summer," Harry told me as we lunched at his new Park Lane flat.

"That may not have been as thrilling as some of the foreign ones about which I've told you, but it was just as exhilarating. For instance, take when we played at the Palace Theatre in Manchester last August.

"The crowd outside the Midland Hotel was so great that they had to draft policemen to the spot to marshal it. The Midland is only a matter of two hundred yards from the theatre, but it once took me an hour and a half to make the journey by car, 'fans' clambering on the running-boards of my Sunbeam to speak to me and to ask for my autograph.

"I'm not stressing this in any boastful spirit, but simply to prove that it's not all honey being what is called a star! Surely it also shows what an important thing radio has become to the people?

"As a matter of fact, not every fan was content to shake hands with me or get my autograph. One persistent young lady managed to clip a lock of hair from my head, and I was powerless to prevent it.

"Frankly, I've got no patience with that sort of thing . . . I merely mention it as one of the most remarkable of all my strange experiences.

"Another evening when I came out of the stage door the crowd waiting was so dense that my coat was torn to ribbons as I pushed towards my car.

"Another girl, beautifully dressed, managed to get into my dressing-room despite my strict 'No Visitors' rule. She posed as an intimate friend of mine, and completely deceived my press agent. Yet all she wanted was a personal guarantee that I'd play 'Bugle Call Rag'!

"Yes, I've great memories of my week in Manchester," admitted Harry, "even though we lost by five runs to the Manchester Press at cricket. It was in Manchester that I wrote 'Sarawaki Blues' as a tribute to a very gracious lady who I'm proud to know is a friend and fan of mine. I mean the Ranee of Sarawak. I hear that the record we made of it has become quite popular in Sarawak, and has started a new fashion in music out there!

"And it was at a party at the Midland Hotel that I had another strange experience. Not important, but one that I'll never forget. This was when Jack Doyle, the crooning fighter, lifted me clean into the air with one hand! I know I'm only a light-weight, but still . . . .

"So it was wherever we went. Colossal, warming enthusiasm which certainly did put pep into me. At Glasgow there were always almost as many people waiting outside the stage door as in the theatre. But here I managed to slip away pretty soon after the show, and I and three or four of the boys usually went on to dance at Alec Fairlie's bright little club, the Piccadilly, in Sauchiehall Street. We also got in a good bit of cricket. We played three matches and won them all. That gave me almost as much kick as our reception at the theatre!

"After the hectic days of the tour it seemed comparatively peaceful to get back to the Mayfair. Not that that's ever entirely uneventful. We have our minor excitements.

"FOR instance, we have to look out for those people who, on broadcast nights, try to make a short cut to a radio appearance. Some of them use all sorts of guile to get near enough to the mike to shout down it. One fellow made three separate attempts to shout a tender greeting to his girl-friend down the mike.

"Another man offered me ten pounds to let him sing a chorus of 'Three Little Fat Girls' one Friday. I found out later that he was an aspiring crooner who wanted to impress agents by telling them that he had 'broadcast from the Mayfair Hotel with Harry Roy's Band.' Needless to say, his little ruse was unsuccessful.

"Yes, we get all sorts trying to 'gate-crash' the mike. Some who do it solely for a rag, others for wagers, and some, like the man I've just mentioned, with more definite though no less impudent reasons!

"Perhaps it's the gay, free-and-easy atmosphere at the Mayfair that encourages them. I don't suppose the casual observer would be able to detect any difference between broadcast night and any other night at the Mayfair. We carry on just the same, the boys rag and gag just as usual . . . . the only difference is that the microphone enables people who can never hope to dance at the Mayfair to have a jolly good time!

"What is lucky is that the Mayfair patrons seem to appreciate the same sort of stuff as do my listeners all over the country. 'Nobody's Sweetheart,' Somebody Stole My Gal,' 'Tiger Rag,' 'Bugle Call Rag,' and 'Three Little Fat Girls,' are my biggest request numbers. I bless the day that we thought to write the Song of the Fat Girls. Like most big song successes it just happened. Ivor, Bill and I were casting round for an idea that might give us a really funny trio.

"WE saw a newspaper cutting to the effect that 'curves' were coming back to replace the recent 'streamline' style in the fair sex . . . and almost in an instant Annie, Fanny and Beulah were born. We wrote it in just over an hour, and when we first tried it out, with some trepidation, it was a riot. We didn't have to alter a single note or word from our first draft.

"I remember the first time we featured it. There was a woman at a nearby table who must have weighed nearly twenty stone. Half-way through I noticed her, and nearly collapsed with sudden embarrassment. But she was laughing heartily, and that proved to me that the song had clicked.

"It's amazing to me what a misconception many people have about the lives that band-leaders lead. It's firmly rooted in the minds of the millions that all we do is to conduct our bands for a few hours every evening. Naturally, it seems a soft job . . . .

"Let me give you a front-row seat to have a look at my day. It starts at about nine a.m., when I open one reluctant eye to the daily round. Already I hear moans of envy from my readers! 'Nine o'clock,' groans Miss City Typist, 'I'm starting work by then!'

"True, fair lady, but it's almost certain that you were tucked in bed before three a.m., which is about my normal hour for retiring.

"Well, then, nine a.m. and a cup of tea in bed. That constitutes my breakfast, and before getting up I read all the newspapers.

IVOR MORETON & BILL CURRIE
& HARRY ROY

"I'm Somebody's Sweetheart Now" . . . . . the little "hotchamachacha" himself, putting a number over.

"OR, rather, I scan them for general news and also anything to do with me or my band or the dance and radio world generally. If I'm lucky, I'm able to get up before my telephone rings. The times I've been awakened by that maddening bell!

"I then go to my office to look over my mail, chat over a score of important details with Syd, discuss contracts, ideas and business arrangements with him and my secretary, and sign the daily batch of photographs.

"Then, maybe, I can slip away for half an hour's canter in the Park. But maybe not! For instance, three times a month I have to get to the recording studios very early to record half a dozen titles. I also have to see the representatives of music-publishing firms. To keep my programmes fresh and bright I dare not miss hearing every new number that is written, because always among a fresh batch there may be a real winner.

"This often takes the rest of the morning, and is sometimes continued after lunch, which I usually aim to take at about two-thirty. If I'm disengaged for lunch I'm usually content with a sandwich. But more often than not I have to combine lunch with business, in the form of a conference. Since we're discussing lunch, by the way, my favourite dish is roast lamb. That's in answer to many letters!

"On Monday afternoons I and the boys are due for a rehearsal for the week's Mayfair cabaret, and on Thursday for the next night's broadcast. New numbers and up-to-date 'gags' are tried out, and the programme speeded up till it is as slick as a zipp-fastener.

"Of course, this rehearsing is not confined solely to Mondays and Thursdays. Every day we aim to rehearse, if only for an hour. It has somehow to be fitted into the mornings when we're appearing at a theatre.

"When we're doing two shows a night at, say, the Holborn Empire, it's a panic! A sort of non-stop variety all day. I get down to the Mayfair just before nine-thirty p.m., and from that hour I'm on the go till I stop playing at about two in the morning.

"You might think that then I'd be only too glad to get to bed. Well, I'm an [illegible]ic person, and I find that if I go to bed at once I'm so keyed-up that I'm not able to sleep. So usually I and a couple of the boys go to a night-club for an hour's dancing. Yes, we dance! Complete busman's holiday!

"Then home . . . half an hour with a detective story . . . and oblivion until nine next morning.

"And that's a hurried summary of my day!" remarked Harry. "Whereupon I suppose someone will say 'Yes, but look what you get paid for it!' And they forget that the more important and highly-paid a band-leader becomes the more enormous are his expenses.

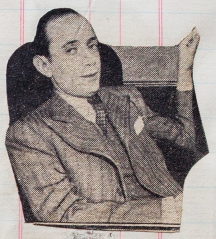
"From various sources such as records, royalties, outside engagements, and so on, my income amounts to several hundred pounds a week. But remember that I'm a big employer, and my boys earn good money.

"Orchestrations for every new number that I feature in my programme cost money. To say that £30 to £40 a week is spent this way is not an exaggeration. Then there are a West End office and flat to keep up, my car and chauffeur—both essential—photographs to be sent to my fans, expensive dress clothes—because the bright lights of a West End hotel are merciless!—and entertaining; all these items run away with the money, and make it absolutely essential that we make big incomes.

"And now, what of the future? Films? Well, I confess that there have been offers, both here and from Hollywood. People have been kind enough to refer to me as potential English Eddie Cantor. Eddie is my favourite comedian, and there can never be more than one Cantor, but there is a resemblance both in appearance and in our styles of comedy.

"I certainly would like to make an occasional f[illegible] but I will not split up my band, and at the moment it seems that would be necessary. So at the moment things are dormant.

"But, whatever I do—films, music-halls, hotel work, radio—so long as I retain the affection of my fans, and so long as I can continue to give them pleasure, I shall be content. Good-night, pleasant dreams . . . "



Harry Roy Says "Good Night, Everybody!"

HARRY ROY'S GANG

Harry Roy—Leader.
Nat Temple—1st Sax.
Harry Cox—Tenor Sax.
Tom Venn—Guitar.
Joe Arbiter—2nd Alto Sax.
Arthur Calkin—Bass.
Bert Wilton—1st Trumpet.
Tommy Porter—2nd Trumpet.
Joe Daniels—Percussion.
Jack Collins—Trombone.
Dave Kaye—Piano.
Maurice Sterndale—Violin.
Bill Currie—Vocalist.
Ivor Moreton—Solo Pianist.

Ivor Moreton, Harry Roy and Bill Currie, doing one of their famous vocal trios at the "me..."

HARRY ROY

"Harry dances up to the mike, eyes rolling, with a saucy smile on his lips"

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Brooke, daughter of the Rajah of Sarawak, and Mr. HARRY ROY, the dance band leader, will take place in London on 6 August instead of next year, as previously announced.

THRILLING THE MILLIONS

By "HOTCHA" HARRY ROY

THRILLING the millions!

What a job, what a joy—and what responsibilities!

That's what fame does—gives you that extra spur, makes your show "plus that little something," and makes you work about twice as hard as any self-respecting man wants to!

Do you believe me when I tell you that one morning last week I was called to answer my private telephone sixty-two times between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.

Too good to be true? Maybe, but it is true, and that morning was by no means a record. Besides this, there are calls coming into my office daily at an even higher rate, as well as letters by the hundred.

On the other side of the balance, however, is the knowledge that without all this rush and scurry I would not be thrilling the millions for very long.

There is a marvellous kick in life, you know, when so many people tell you how much they enjoy your shows. On our recent tour I think the "fans" would have had even my shoelaces as souvenirs if I hadn't been careful!

Quoth the Fan—

Perhaps, you, gentle reader, may be one of those who do not believe in "this fan business." Well, to that I shall only say, a very big percentage of those who write to me really mean what they write. They criticise my programme selections, the work of my band, tell me plainly sometimes that "I was not up to scratch the other night," and generally keep an almost paternal eye on me.

That type of fan does me good. It is an incentive to regard work more as a pleasure. We put in many hours each week at the Mayfair, recording sessions, rehearsals, broadcasts, &c. When there's an extra hour to be given up to work, we can only say, "Well, boys, it's for the millions."

Did I hear somebody whisper the word, "Conceit?"

Never! Of course, we're proud to have so big a following. Hasn't it been our job to entertain, and shouldn't we have been failures if the thousands and thousands didn't follow us? We're not conceited. Just glad of it.

Friday Night's Entertainment.

We're happy at our job. Friday night is the big night of the week for us all. Each week we think of the hundreds we've met up and down the country. We send them a "Cheerio, good luck!" and wonder when we'll meet them next.

Thrilling the millions! It is marvellous, but, please, don't forget it is a big responsibility for your Harry and for every member of his band.

People say, "Here is Harry Roy," and they expect something that really is 100 per cent. Harry Roy! If I try sometimes to make a change, they cry out loudly for the original. "Let us have what we know you by!"

And sometimes I feel that a real change would be good for everybody. I cannot play a number just because I like it. The one test must always be, "Will the millions like it?" If not, then whether it appeals to me or not, there's no room for it in my band's programme.

We only hope, this winter, to succeed in bringing you regular pleasure week by week and—well, many thrills to you, my friends, all over the country!

NO LADY CROONERS FOR ME!

Declares Hurricane Harry Roy, of the Mayfair

HARRY ROY has given the fans nearly every-thing they have asked for yet, except one thing—a lady vocalist!

Now he's going to tell you why.

"**One thing I'm certain of—I'm not going to give in to a woman—at least, not in that respect!**

"I'll admit that when I was at the Café Anglais I did feature a lady vocalist—just for one evening, in a special broadcast; but after that—well, it just didn't happen again!

"**To my mind there are hundreds of reasons why lady vocalists and crooners are not suitable for dance bands.** I believe they are too temperamental.

"Another reason—and I think the main one—is that **I don't like lady crooners.**

"If I put a lady crooner on for one evening, there would be a rush of complaints from the fans who liked her directly I took her off, and probably an equally heavy mail from those who had always hated the good lady!

"I don't see why I should feature something against my idea of first-class entertainment. Our outfit is no good if it cannot give out good entertainment.

"**The whole thing summed up in a nutshell is, to my mind, that a woman can't get as much feeling and personality into her voice as a man—she hasn't got the range or pitch, for a start.**

"Believe me, I'm not saying that there isn't one good enough for me, or else I would be riding about in a bath-chair for a week or so; but I can say that when some really phenomenal lady vocalist comes along and I like her—well, I'll do everything in my power to sign her up with the band. But till then—definitely no!

HARRY HEARS THE BOYS.

A fortnight ago Harry Roy heard a complet broadcast by his own band for the first time. However, he didn't hear it under ideal conditions. He was suffering from a severe chill at the time, and was confined to bed. Evidently hot music had more effect on him than hot bottles, because two days after he was as fit as a fiddle again, and back on the stand at the Mayfair.

HARRY ROY TAKES TO THE AIR.

After finishing at the Mayfair Hotel in the early hours of Sunday morning Harry Roy and his boys returned home for a few hours' sleep, and then met at Croydon Aerodrome to fly to the Hague, where they gave a concert to their Dutch fans. As I have mentioned before, modern dance music is more popular in Holland than in any other European country apart from England.

HARRY'S SECRETARY SPOTTED IT.

Now we move over to Las Palmas. A cruising liner is coming into port with a cargo of happy people who are glad to be so far away from their offices, income tax collectors, and that morning train. To the markets and bazaars—that is the usual first bit of sightseeing—everything's so different; but wait, a young lady has spotted a large bill printed in English. The bill says, "Latest Records by Harry Roy and His Mayfair Hotel Orchestra," and the lady who spotted it—Harry's secretary. She doesn't know where to decide on for next year, for peace!

HARRY ROY'S HOLIDAY.

Harry Roy will be back with his boys on Friday night. He should be in great spirits after his fortnight's holiday at Monte Carlo, because not only will the holiday itself have done him a lot of good, but there is that very gratifying feeling that he will be at the Mayfair for at least another year. When he left London the boys gave him a great send off.

WITH MUSICAL HONOURS.

Obviously Harry knew that some of them would be at the station to bid him "bon voyage," but he never expected to find the whole crowd on the platform, with shining instruments, to greet him with his signature tune, followed by "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"!

Hurricane Harry's Homecoming —What Ivor Moreton Said

THE last thing Harry Roy's doctor said to him before leaving for Monte Carlo was, "Now, forget London altogether, and particularly dance music. Try to have new interests entirely during the next fortnight." Harry had been overworking, and really intended to follow the doctor's instructions. At 10.30 on Friday night he was about to tune in and hear "the boys," but he suddenly decided, "No! Not even for one and a half hours will I think of the Mayfair."

COULD HE STICK IT?

That was very wise, but anyone who knows Harry personally knows that he couldn't carry on like this for two whole weeks! He had been having early nights, then one night he weakened, and made for "The Knickerbocker"—one of Monte Carlo's famous night resorts. He found a quiet seat in a corner, and wanted to remain there unnoticed. Was that possible? Certainly not!

HARRY TAKES THE STAND.

Some of the entrants of the Monte Carlo motor rally were frequent visitors to the Mayfair, and had also dropped in for some food and a spot of dancing. "Here's Hurricane Harry!" they shouted, and before you could say "Jack Robinson," they had dragged him on to the bandstand and pushed a sax into his hands!

AND DOES HIS STUFF!

The feel of the instrument was irresistible, and the rest you can guess! He gave them "Somebody Stole My Gal," "Wah-di-dah," "I've Gotta Right To Sing The Blues," and a host of others, with his own inimitable vocals. This lasted until 4 a.m., and if his doctor reads these lines, Harry's in for trouble—and so am I (from Harry) for spilling the beans!

WELCOME HOME.

However, Harry arrived back in London looking like good health personified, with a smile even bigger than his usual one. And what a reception! Everybody worth knowing was on the platform. Before being carried shoulder-high to his car, he gave one very big hug to his mother.

"TAKE YOUR BAND."

I had to laugh some little time later at Harry's flat, when Ivor Moreton, who had been at the helm during his absence, said, "Harry, very happily I give you back the band. All the leaders are welcome to their jobs as far as I'm concerned."

HARRY'S BOYS UP TO THEIR PRANKS.

Harry Roy's boys have been up to mischief and in trouble again—they can't help it—they're just made that way! For a bit of comedy Joe Arbiter had to dress up as a policeman in a number for the stage act. One night the stagedoor-keeper came up to the dressing-room to say that a policeman was at the door complaining about the parking of the cars. They looked round—Joe was missing! Righto, they thought, the joke will be on Joe! So they tip-toed to the door, where they saw a policeman's back—pounced on him, knocked his helmet off, &c., &c., &c., and were on the verge of standing on his face when they realised the awful truth—it wasn't Joe at all!

ONE UP FOR THE COPPER!

Please join in three cheers for this sporty, REAL policeman, who, after lots of explanations, had a hearty laugh himself and said no more about it. Except, of course, that the cars had to be moved just the same!

HARRY ROY'S CAR RADIO.

I have often mentioned that most radio artistes are keen listeners, but to my knowledge, Harry Roy is one of the few who carry it to the limit by having a super set installed in that car of his. I can just picture him on Friday nights announcing a title, then rushing out the side door to tune-in.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST FAN LETTER.

Sometimes it is claimed that one band leader has the biggest fan mail in England, and at other times this record is claimed for some other particular leader, but nobody can rival Harry Roy in having in his possession the world's biggest fan letter. **When I say biggest, I mean the longest, widest, deepest, and every other "est."**

Harry Roy is a football enthusiast. He is a Clapton Orient fan. The players in his band don't forget to twit him every time the Orient loses—they are mostly supporters of Arsenal and the Spurs!

Hurricane Harry Roy's History

Dear Rex,—(1) Is Harry Roy of Jewish origin or English? (2) How old is he, and is he married? (3) Are Ivor Moreton and Bill Currie married?—"The Two Puzzle Ones."

Rex King says—(1) British. (2) Cannot say. Not married. (3) No.

HARRY ROY'S ROYAL FANS.

"The Sarawaki Blues," that's the name of a new number with a story behind it, which you ought to hear. It may be in one of Harry Roy's

HYLTON'S VERSUS ROY'S.

The other day Harry's boys had a cricket match with Jack Hylton's boys, and I noticed that Harry Bentley was one of the Mayfair Hotel team, who were the victors by 34 runs—though how much of this was due to Harry Bentley I can't say! Anyway, our crooner has now developed a cricket complex, and much of his spare time at the moment is being spent in various sports outfitters' shops collecting a really pukka cricket kit—the new team which he is forming will consist mainly of Lou Praeger's band.

HARRY ROY.

—Dynamic to the extreme. Full of vitality and humour. Will not stand for any "baloney." Although he has reached the top, he is exactly the same as he was ten years ago. Full of the joy of life, and cannot stand anybody who shows off. If he worries at all, he does not show it. Short, dapper, and exceedingly well dressed. A man you are proud to call your friend.

"No Individual Glory," Says Harry

Dear Rex,—Has Harry Roy ever had a lady singer in his band? If so, what is her name? Why can't Harry Roy's announcer name the vocalist of the numbers they sing?—W. R." (West Hartlepool).

Rex King says—(1) No. (2) Harry doesn't believe in individual glory—it is all the band or nothing!

Harry Roy's Raggers.

say "Tiger Rag." That number has made Harry and the band at the Mayfair, and every time it comes over it seems to get hotter and hotter. No wonder Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye are dubbed "The Tiger Raggers." I'll bet Harry trots that one out on his tour.

HARRY STANDS ALONE.

As an individual performer Harry Roy stands alone. He is, perhaps, the only one in the business who could go on the stage without a band and still be a sensational success.

Best Band Broadcasting.

Dear Sir,—I think Harry Roy's band is far and away the best band broadcasting. (1) Are Syd Roy and the R.K.Olians disbanded? (2) Is Syd Roy related to Harry? (3) Is Bing Crosby coming to England this year?—"C. le Cocq" (Jersey).

(1) Yes, R.K.Olians now disbanded. Some are still with Harry Roy. (2) Harry and Sid are brothers. (3) Cannot say re Bing. Rumours are strong, but I know nothing definite.

HARRY ROY'S SUPER SHOW.

Talking of dance bands on the stage reminds me that Harry Roy and his Boys are hard at it rehearsing for another new show which, Harry tells me, is something entirely new in band presentations. Harry's ideas of comedy and novelty are absolutely unlimited, and visitors to Holborn Empire are assured of a really super entertainment when his new act is produced next week.

Harry Roy's Ambition

"You can't keep on doing the same job all your life," he told me, lighting a cigarette. (He is almost a chain smoker.) "Not, that is, unless you want to be just another tragedy of the boards—an old trouper gone to seed. So when I give up leading the band I shall go behind the scenes—manager, perhaps, or announcer."

He has two burning ambitions, both of which he hopes to gratify when he retires. One is to endow a bed in each of a number of hospitals—as many as he can afford. The other is to give concerts and provide entertainments for ex-Service men.

HURRICANE HARRY ON TOUR

To Broadcast to You from Glasgow

Harry Roy's last broadcast before his holidays will be from Glasgow this week. He is at Liverpool next week, but is not broadcasting.

Harry is spending his holiday motoring in France. He returns to the Mayfair Hotel on September 3rd, and is booked for a broadcast to Empire listeners, and will also be heard by home listeners on September 7th.

Harry and his boys the other day had a great time at Eton, where they played an eleven representing the famous school. The game was drawn. Eton made 136 for seven wickets, declared, while Harry's team knocked up 128 for the loss of nine wickets.

Who Sings "When A Woman Loves A Man?"

Dear Sir,—Who is the crooner in Harry Roy's band who sings "When A Woman Loves A Man?" I admire the way he renders this particular number.—"A. P. T." (Leamington Spa).

Harry himself sings this number.

"Harry Knocks 'Em Cold."

Dear Sir,—I don't care what any other dance band fans think, all I say is that Harry Roy knocks all other bands cold. He's an absolute knock-out. Will you tell me if Harry is coming to Liverpool?

King Of Dance Bands.

Dear Rex,—After seeing Harry Roy in a Liverpool theatre, I am now quite sure that not only is he the king of dance bands, but also of all showmen. Would you tell me who sings "As Long As I Live" in Harry Roy's band?—"Harry Roy's The Boy."

Harry himself sings this number.

If ever you doubt the amazing popularity of Harry Roy, reflect on this solemn thought.

Since the beginning of this year Harry has had to give away over fifteen thousand autographed photos of himself. Mind you, his fans have been pretty busy themselves. Since Harry received the "largest ever" letter from a woman fan, others of his admirers have been striving to outdo each other. He has had letters on wall-paper, brown paper bags, and even on pieces of paper the size of postage stamps.

One fan has sent him an exercise-book containing a complete record of all Harry's broadcasts since the first, giving full details of every number played and who sang the vocal!

By the way, Harry has a radio-set in his car. Now and then he dashes out from the May Fair of an evening just to see that it is working properly and to pick up any items of news in which he may be interested or to hear how the "other fellows" are putting it over.

Harry Roy's Visit to Scotland.

Dear Rex,—I wonder if you could tell me when Harry Roy is coming to Glasgow, and if he will pay a visit to Dundee while he is up North. Is it Ivor Moreton who sings "I Love You Truly," or is it Harry Roy himself? Whoever it is, I think he is great.

I also admire Kitty Masters who sings for Henry Hall. I want to wish her all the best of luck.—"J. B." (Dundee).

(1) Harry is due in Glasgow week commencing August 6th at the Empire Theatre. This will be his only appearance in Scotland. (2) Ivor Moreton is the vocalist.

Hurricane Harry's Tour.

Dear Sir,—I am very anxious to hear Harry Roy's band, and would be obliged if you could let me know the dates of his appearance in Glasgow.—"I. R. M." (Perth).

Rex King says—Harry's tour opens at Empire Theatre, Glasgow, August 6th.

HARRY ROY TO TOUR

Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow

"Radio Review" is able to state that Harry Roy is at last to make a provincial tour, commencing July 30th.

He opens at Manchester on the 30th, then to Glasgow a week, following up at Liverpool for a week.

He will then "take a fortnight's rest," as he puts it.

This tour will be made in Harry's holiday from the May Fair, and, although it has not yet been definitely settled, he will very probably make broadcasts from at least two of his "ports of call" up North.

Here goes! Harry Roy on sax; Howard Jacobs, sax; Roy Fox, cornet and trumpet; Henry Hall, piano; Jack Payne, piano and vocals; Jack Jackson, trumpet; Nat Gonella, trumpet; Lou Preager, accordion; Billy Cotton, drums; Ambrose, violin; Syd Lipton, violin.

Wants to See Harry Roy.

Dear Rex,—(1) In the dance music on gramophone records programme on Saturday, May 26th, at 12-45 there was a record played of Harry Roy's band. Could you tell me what tune they played? (2) When Harry Roy comes to Manchester on July 30th, would you please tell me where he will be playing and where it will be possible to reserve seat?—"Ivor and Dave" (Hanley).

(1) Suggest you should write for details to Programme Dept., Broadcasting House, London, W.1. (2) At Palace Theatre. Write for advance tickets to Box Office Manager, Palace Theatre, Manchester.

Harry Roy Has Cab Calloway Licked.

Dear Rex,—(1) On his showing in Manchester, Cab Calloway is a poor second to Harry Roy as a hot singer and as a showman. Harry would be a great success on the stage here. (2) I would like to hear Reilly and Comfort again. They are the greatest harmony team in Great Britain to-day.—"H. D." (Manchester).

Finest Band On the Air.

Dear Sir,—In my opinion Harry Roy's band is the finest ever on the air, or stage "Hotcha-cha."

Harry Roy has sixteen of his own compositions published.

"THANKS A LOT," SAYS HARRY ROY

Letter of Appreciation to Fans

Dear Friends,

May I take the opportunity, through the columns of this esteemed paper, to express my very great appreciation of the many kind letters and messages, received by me, from listeners in all parts of the world.

I regret that pressure of work prevents me from answering your kind letters personally, but would assure you of the pleasure and confidence that I have derived from the knowledge of your interest, which also goes to prove that my humble efforts to entertain my friends have been a thousand times worth while.

To my many radio listeners, may I add a further word of thanks, and express the fervent wish that in the near future I shall have the opportunity of cementing our friendship through the medium of my first love, the stage.

In conclusion, may I wish you one and all the best of health and prosperity, and good listening.

Yours sincerely

Harry Roy

HARRY ROY AND "PRINCESS PEARL" £40,000 CONTRACT

Harry Roy goes to work to-morrow (Monday) at Elstree on his first film.

Starring with him is Mrs. Harry Roy ("Princess Pearl"), and the contract carries a figure believed to be no less than £40,000.

"Royal Romance" is the title of the film, the story of which follows very closely Harry's own life story.

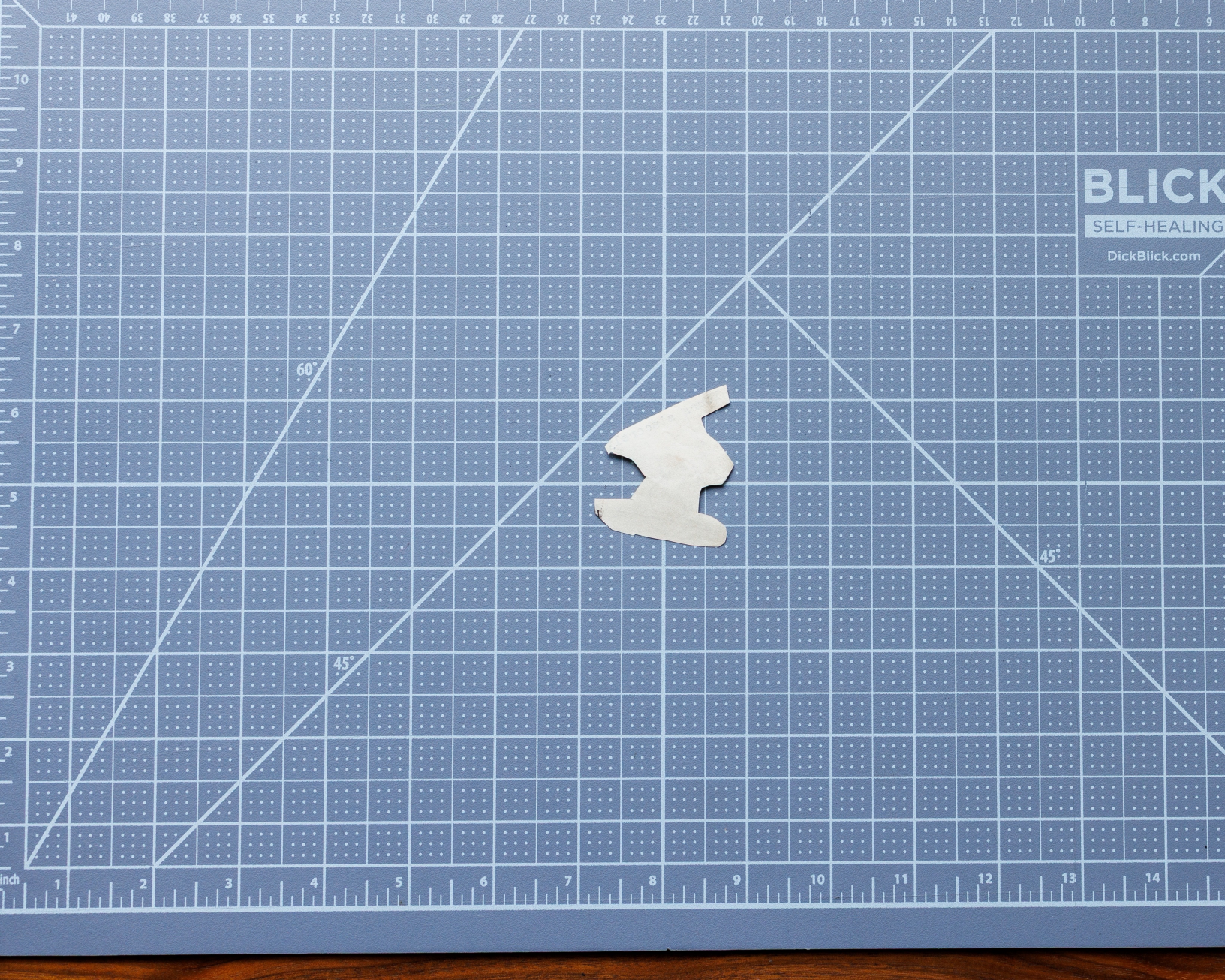
It is the producer's idea to make Harry Roy into a sort of "English Eddie Cantor."

IT seems to me that Harry Roy has changed his style quite a lot recently, and the new one is a distinct improvement, this disc containing a couple of numbers played in good commercial fashion.

The brass section was always good and it still is, while the reeds now play in a firm, decisive manner which I like, with full tone and considerable precision.

The general effect is robust and forthright, with a bite and attack more often encountered in American bands, and there are a few odd spots which call for mention, such as the fiddle obbligato and solo on the second side.

Both vocals are good in their widely-contrasted styles, Harry indulging in a vigorous Richman-like effort in the first title, with Abe Romain delivering himself in his polished, delightful manner on the back.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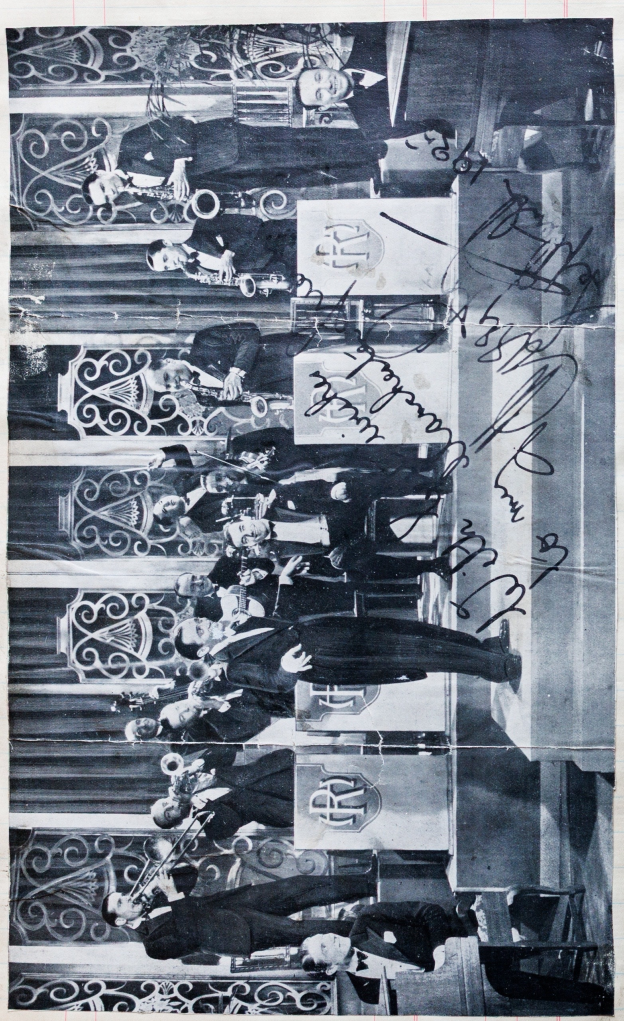


HARRY ROY AND HIS BAND

9. **HARRY ROY** and his **BAND**
From the May Fair Hotel
(By kind permission of SIR FRANCIS TOWLE)

Conductor	**HARRY ROY**
IVOR MORETON	Piano and Vocalist
DAVE KAYE	Piano
BILL CURRIE	Vocalist and Tympany
JOE DANIELS	Drums
NAT TEMPLE	1st Saxophone and Clarinet
JOE ARBITER	2nd Saxophone and Clarinet
HARRY GOSS	Tenor Saxophone
BERT WILTON	Trumpet
TOMMY PORTER	Trumpet
JACK COLLINS	Trombone
MAURICE STERNDALE ..	Violin
TOM VENN	Guitar and Banjo
ARTHUR CALKIN	Bass

At the Manchester Palace Theatre, Sept. 23rd—28th, 1935.

PRINCESS PEARL'S PARADISE!

"No. 27" is Harry Roy's Haven

THERE is no doubt about it—immediately you get inside the door of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Roy's Park Lane flat, you can see you are in the home of a very happily married couple.

There are no fewer than seven large photographs of Harry in the drawing-room. And no other pictures at all, except for one photograph of Princess Pearl's father, the Rajah of Sarawak.

I called on Mrs. Roy in her new home last week. The lift whirled me upwards at top speed, then slowed down to deposit me very gently without a jolt in the green and black corridor on the sixth floor. No. 27 is the door.

The flat is charming—"Yes, I love it," said Princess Pearl. All the rooms are decorated in the same colour scheme, wine red carpet which covers the whole floor surface and soft, sagey green satin upholstery and curtains.

In the lounge, where we went first, I noticed, after the aforementioned photographs of Harry, books, lots of books—on the piano, filling the shelves of the table in the middle of the room, and on the desk in front of the window. I caught a glimpse of two of Beverley Nichols' books, *Down the Garden Path* and *The Thatched Roof*. Also two books on Shackleton, which suggest that Princess Pearl has inherited her family's love of adventure.

She herself has nearly finished writing a novel. But that was before she was married, she says, and now she hasn't time to finish it.

The furniture in the lounge is light figured walnut, including the piano, which was open, and the enormous radiogram which stands in front of the corner window.

"Harry was playing with that till five o'clock this morning," said Mrs Harry. "Getting America. He can't leave it alone."

Harry and his wife take tea and cigarettes

It appears this family hardly ever gets to bed before three. "Sometimes Harry takes me out at half-past two," I was told, "after he's finished his day's work! Often, I spend the evening at the May Fair, and listen to the band; not always."

"Of course, we don't get up till very late. About twelve. Then we have breakfast . . . instead of lunch! Afterwards, if he hasn't got a gramophone session, Harry goes to the office, or else we go to a show together.

"We generally have tea together at about five-thirty. After tea, Harry goes to sleep, until it's time to go to the May Fair."

Remembering how fond both of them are of riding and the country life in general, I asked about week-ends.

"Well, we haven't got much time for getting away to the country. On Saturdays, we go to my mother's home in Hampstead, and then in the evenings go to the cinema—with *his* family.

"Fridays I rehearse with the band."

"Do you like broadcasting?" I asked.

"I'm *scared*," she said, and laughed. "It's better when we do it at the studio, though, than from the May Fair. There are not all the people looking at me."

Princess Pearl does not look easily frightened. She makes you think at once of the open air. She is entirely natural and at her ease. Imagine wavy chestnut hair, a tall slim figure, hazel eyes and a mouth that is always laughing.

Time for tea. From the lounge we walked straight through an open archway into the dining-room—it is really another half of the same room, and has the same carpet and curtains and furniture. On the sideboard is a resplendent array of cut glass decanters and silver candlesticks—all wedding presents.

We were sitting down to bread-and-butter, currant buns and cakes, when somebody came into the lounge behind us. It was Harry himself, back from Elstree.

Harry had just seen the "rushes" of their film and was in great spirits.

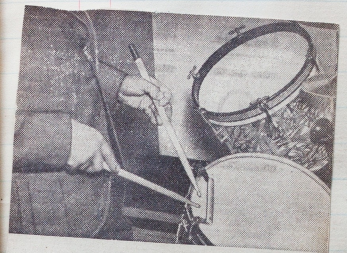
"They're good, Didi," he said. "You'll be awfully pleased with them when you see them. You look fine. You have got an awfully attractive smile, very natural. You've got only one thing wrong with your face. Do you know?"

"What?" said Mrs. Harry anxiously.

"You've got one eyebrow higher than the other. But it's all right, they are going to shade it in. And everybody's very pleased with the tests."

They are enjoying working together on the set—quite as much as the fans will enjoy seeing them together. It's nice to know, isn't it, that behind the scenes, too, it's still a Royal Romance.

THE "ROY"-AL ROMANCE



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Harry examines the "rushes" of his film—with satisfaction!

Still, he is recovered now, and very happy, and full of enthusiasm.

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THE "ROY"-AL ROMANCE

A FEW minutes ago I was in a film studio at Elstree talking to the famous Harry Roy. It is 8 p.m. As I write these notes I am having dinner by myself in a restaurant. Poor old Harry has just left me and is now on his way from Elstree to London—driving that grand car, with his face covered in brown make-up.

When Harry gets home he will just have time for a quick meal before starting work at the Mayfair Hotel.

As he said: "I love being married—when I have time!"

♦ ♦ ♦

Poor old Harry! What a life!

He gets up every morning at 6.45, drives his marvellous car down to Elstree, works in the film studio till 7.30 p.m., drives back to London, changes into evening dress, and then works with his band at the Mayfair Hotel from 9 p.m. till 2 a.m.

If he is lucky he gets about 4 hours sleep—and then back to Elstree.

♦ ♦ ♦

Maybe you know already that Harry Roy is making a film. His wife, Princess Pearl of Sarawak, is the leading lady. (Read about her at home on page 33.)

Harry said to me: "My wife hates being referred to as 'Princess Pearl.' It makes her go off the deep end."

Well, Mrs. Roy, when you read these notes please forgive me. A journalist has to mention your title at least once—for the sake of a thing called "Glamour."

♦ ♦ ♦

But the point is that both Mr. and Mrs. Roy are likely to become film stars.

"I'm no good," said Harry. "but my wife is marvellous. I think she's bound to become a film star. Yes, honestly! Just have a look at her photograph and see what you think!"

At Elstree they all say that Harry is a born actor.

In other words, he doesn't bother to act.

The latest idea is that both Harry and his wife should go to Hollywood.

♦ ♦ ♦

I ought to have pointed out that the Elstree film is based on the story of Harry Roy's life.

In the opening shot you see him in a pawnshop. Then you see him with his band. Then the romance comes along and you see his meeting with a beautiful girl, a princess. (That word! I knew it would slip out!)

♦ ♦ ♦

Of course, Harry looks tired to death. A few weeks ago he went to a nursing home for the week-end and had a quiet nervous breakdown.

Harry examines the "rushes" of his film—with satisfaction!

Still, he is recovered now, and very happy, and full of enthusiasm.

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Reasonable Tenor Solo

tion particularly
time much more
brilliant in style.
on by bassist and

D :

his Band (six
14, Sydney Road,

ite a good perfor-
what unsuitable
ll band. Good
t feature, and
axes not together
much inclined to
notes. Trumpet
ensemble. Second
g in voicing of

angement with a

Waltz: Good intro, followed b
reasonable tenor solo. Entry of bra
good and verse good with an excelle
change of key. Second tenor sol
better written and in the more effe
tive register. Clarinets and mute
brass pleasing, and a nice last choru
Ensemble competent, and light an
shade well considered.

Mama Don't Allow It: Brass showin
tendency to snatch in first choru
notes being cut too short. Same fau
by saxes in their chorus. Tempo gai
ing in special sax chorus; nice techn
cal playing by trumpet, but style n
legato enough. Tenor chorus po

intro, band very well balanced and
tenor and trumpet working well
together. Rhythm section very in-
spiring. Tenor solo could have done
with more bite. Piano and trumpet
more effective in this respect. Bass
solo O.K., but tone could improve.
Rhythmically very creditable.

Individual prizes won by piano, tenor
and trumpet. This band also won the
special award for small bands of six
pieces or less.

SECOND :

The Ramblers (nine pieces). All
coms.: 14, Hanover Street, W.

You're Not the Kind: A very fair
intro. Rhythm section nice all through.
Best feature of rendition was expres-
sion, but intonation much too
uncertain. Vocal (a lady) brilliantly
stylish, though appearing nervous.

in the rhythm
effective. Vocal
confident and
Individual pr
vocalist.

Eddie Chick
pieces). All co
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Waltz: A ni

Put Plenty of Pep Into That Party!

I'M fed up with Christmas parties. Every year they roll along like the sorely-tried covered wagon, and every year they follow the same old trail without anything but half-hearted attempts to put them on a modern footing.

"Christmas parties?" I can hear you say, "I love 'em!"

But if you give the old subconscious mind half a chance you'll think: "The same old games, the same old jokes, the same old sameness. Suppose I'll have to put up with 'em."

That's the trouble about Christmas parties—sameness.

What you've got to do is to disguise all the old fun and games so that, without losing any of the true Christmas spirit, you make everything sound hi-de-ho once more.

Let's start at the beginning of the party and see what we can do to alter it.

If you can overcome those awful first few moments as the guests arrive, you're half-way to success. The thing is to create surprise and make 'em laugh before they realise they're at a party at all!

At one house I went to last Christmas each new guest was greeted by a terrifying chorus of moans and catcalls from the rest of the gang. The hall was pitch black, and streamers hung from the ceiling tickled your face as you walked in. You had to reach the light switch before your nerve broke!

Parties are always an excuse for a good tuck-in, and there's no hope for the hostess who doesn't know how to provide the "goods" in this direction.

But even the joy of eating can be added to in a lot of ways. For a few pence you can buy things like bending spoons, squeaking biscuits, and gadgets which lift a plate when you squeeze a bulb.

The horn from young George's bicycle is jolly good for breaking up one of those silences when you don't know how to restart the conversation!

And now for the first game of the evening. It's got to be something fast and furious—don't tell me—musical chairs! But not to an old tune.

Try a hot quickstep for a change—until you've played musical chairs to "Tiger Rag" you've missed the joy of living!

Or "waltzing" musical chairs—take partners, and when the music stops you grab a chair and lodge your fair partner on your knee.

Even when you want something physically easier you can still keep the fun going at top speed. Try "batting" to hot rhythm.

You sit in a ring and pass round a number of ancient hats—one more than there are players all the time.

When the music stops you've got to put your hat on, and the player left holding a hat as well pays a forfeit and drops out of the game. Of course, the fun lies in seeing Uncle Albert wearing mother's 1910 creation with the fruit basket on top!

Modern parties wouldn't be complete without a game of "Murder." It is a grand excuse for the young people.

Forfeits are another part of the festivities that shouldn't be left out. The game itself can be conventional enough, but make the penalties snappy! For instance, "Kiss four bare legs—stools, chairs, and tables barred!" Or "Hum two blues numbers without stopping." Just wait till you see your guests' faces!

Equally important is a sing-song. Provide everybody with "instruments"—nut-crackers, tin-trays, squeaking balloons, rattles, boxes half-full of rice, penny whistles—anything, in fact, that can make some sort of rhythmical noise. Then get down to the piano, turn on the radio, or put a record on the gramophone, and leave the rest to Nature!

When everybody is getting a bit drowsy and wanting to sit round the fire, then's the time for a good ghost story. If you have a natural born story-teller, so much the better. But be sure he has a good story to tell—not the usual hoary legend of the haunted room.

Failing an original yarn-spinner, there are short stories that are pretty shiver-making when read in the right atmosphere of firelight and shadows.

The success of a snappy party does depend, of course, on the planning. Even the most lukewarm guests will respond to a continuous flow of entertainment.

You all know about making out a list of games to be played and so on, **but have you ever thought of handing out copies of those lists to your guests in case they have any improvements to suggest? Or of providing one period during the evening for any games they think of?**

One thing more. End your party in a big bang when everybody is wishing for more—not when they are fidgeting and making tentative noises of farewell. Reserve your choicest slab of entertainment till the last, and then—speed the parting guest!

HARRY ROY—
Radio's dynamic dance band leader.

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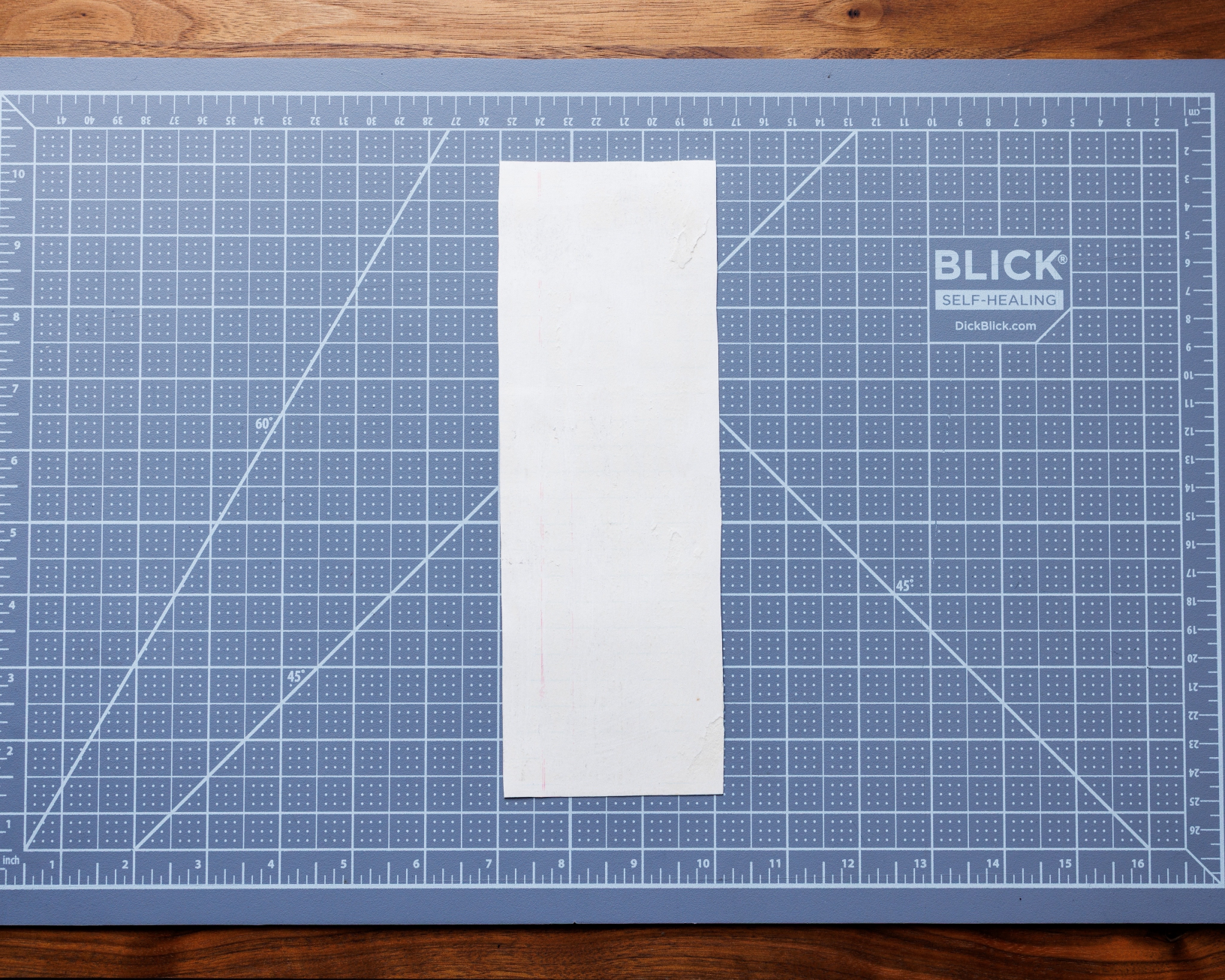
PALLADIUM (Ger. 7373.) 6.25 & 9. Mats., Wed. Th., 2.30. Entirely New Show. "ALL ALIGHT AT OXFORD CIRCUS."; Harry Roy & Band; Al Trahan & Yukona Cameron; Flanagan & Allen; 4 Ortons; Carolyn Marsh; Jack Stern; Gaylene Sisters. Big cast of over 60 artistes. 4/6 to 7/6d., inc. Tax.

Miss Carolyn Marsh, Harry Roy's new vocalist.

Johnny Green, new twelve-year-old singer with Harry Roy.


BLICK®
SELF-HEALING
DickBlick.com
60°
45°
45°
inch

HARRY ROY—THE MAN!

YOU know Harry Roy via a microphone—as the conductor of one of radio's crack bands.

What a human fellow he really is. The greatest aspect of his human nature is his consideration towards others.

He is one of the most considerate men I know. That must be very hard when you attain fame and popularity to the extent he has done.

The two do not always go together, but they have with Harry.

In the face of difficulties sometimes, too.

One instance.

The thought he is always showing for his fans. For them he show the most conscientious consideration.

Those who write to him are always sure to receive a reply on his behalf, and, with the thousands of letters he gets, this entails an enormous amount of office work. Expense as well.

If he is on tour, Harry does what he can for his fans as well.

He does not slip out the front entrance of a theatre, leaving his fans standing at a stage door to be disappointed.

"They paid their bobs to see me inside the house," he says, "and the least I can do is to gratify their wish to see me outside."

With this thought he has faced many a rough passage to his car and many a mobbing.

On one occasion he had an unwanted and impromptu haircut through a fan clipping a lock of his hair in her enthusiasm to get a souvenir!

Once, too, Harry had a suit completely ruined through the press of the mob outside a theatre. Yet he still adheres to his desire to give his fans a run.

"It is only right I should show myself," he said when the manager of a theatre told him there was a terrific crowd outside and suggested he should leave by the front entrance and give them the slip.

No amount of pleading could turn Harry from his intention.

A reason for this, you think, might be that he likes being feted and seeing an excited crowd eager to see him?

He does not.

I can tell you he hates it.

With all his fame he remains a shy, little man.

When he was down at Cliftonville, it was arranged that he should judge a beauty competition. A great stunt, perhaps, but a pain in the neck to Harry! He was as nervous as a kitten when the day came.

I can see him now putting his hands in his pockets and taking them out again—empty! Putting his hand to his face and adjusting a tie already perfectly set. Every evidence of being thoroughly tortured with nervousness.

I thought he would never come through the judging. After all, looking over a lot of girls in bathing costumes, all perfectly at ease, is bad enough for any ordinary sensitive man, but for one of Harry's disposition it was a fearful ordeal.

He heaved a sigh of relief when it was all over.

It took all he had got to go through with it.

Now for some pictures of him down on the beach playing with the crowds.

A sack race was arranged, with Harry as one of the contestants.

At first he was not going to do it, but he was more or less dragged along and given a sack. At that point Harry's courage failed him and he bolted up to the promenade as hard as he could go. He was later found sitting in the lounge of his hotel smoking a cigarette—looking like a hunted man.

Yet, when his fans expect to see him, Harry will not disappoint them.

Harry has a great big heart.

The enthusiasm of an audience can bring tears to his eyes. Any display of mass interest and sympathy in his personal affairs gets him right down.

I remember when he was in Manchester a few weeks after he was married his wife had to undergo an operation.

She had the operation at 7.30 in the evening.

Harry was due to appear at 7.30.

Good reason for him to be worried and hardly at his best.

He played and put over a great show.

The crowd did not know of the drama in which their idol was an actor.

Fighting down his feelings, Harry gave them "Sarawaki."

"Where's your princess? We want the princess!" the crowd yelled.

In the middle of it, in response to the insistent demands, Harry went to the front of the stage and told them why the princess was not there.

Sympathy flowed over the footlights from that crowded house. It came in a great wave. I was there. I felt it.

But nobody felt it more than Harry. He broke down before them all.

The crowd understood.

The great applause he gets at a theatre always overwhelms him.

There have been occasions I know of when he has wanted to speak to them but has been unable to do so because of the full feeling within him.

"It's wonderful," he said to me in explanation once. "I give them all I've got and they appreciate it."

A "mammy" song will get him down and play havoc with his feelings.

Great as Harry is, he is not the least bit conceited, not even where his band alone is concerned.

I can tell you a secret bearing this out.

After every broadcast Harry 'phones up four people and asks them what they thought of the show.

They are his wife, his mother, sister and brother.

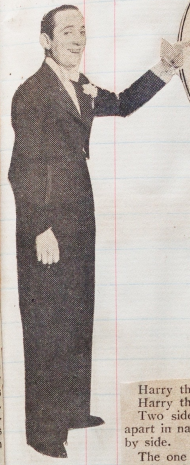
He knows they have been listening to every tune, writing down as he plays what they think of it, and at the end they tell Harry whether it was up to standard or not.

They know Harry sufficiently well to tell him the truth. He wants no flattering bunkum.

The Little Fellow With The Great Big Heart

A "Mammy" Song Will Get Him Down

HARRY ROY
The Leader



Harry the Leader.
Harry the Man.

Two sides to his personality, poles apart in nature, yet always there, side by side.

The one strong, commanding. His word obeyed without question. Always.

The Dance Band Napoleon.

The other Harry, kind, almost soft-hearted. A heart brought to tears by the enthusiasm of an audience, or moments of anxiety and poignancy.

Harry doesn't keep these two personalities in water-tight compartments, opening one when on the dance floor and the other for use at home.

Oh, no! They are always there, changing from the Leader to the Man with startling and ever amazing rapidity.

A result of his dynamic or electric, call it what you will, general make-up.

Untiring energy and a will in strength out of all proportion to his small frame are other characteristics.

His boys Know him with a capital K.

The fact that off duty he is one of them, enjoying a joke, pally and kind, does not impair in the slightest his mastery when he stands before them as their leader.

An instance. A youngster of one of the "boys" had to have a serious and expensive operation. Harry's generosity made it possible.

Like himself, the boys forget the other Harry when he is leading them. They see him only as something akin to a little machine with a mind, whose every gesture is to be followed.

All the thirteen boys, except Norman Yarlott and Stanley Black, have been with Harry for getting on for five years.

That says a very great deal for Harry's administration and the respect it has gained for him.

As Harry has stood by the boys, making the band famous and them with it, so he expects them to stand by him.

For four years, all but two did so.

There is only one leader to his band.

If not a unique feature, it is a rare one.

When Harry wants advice he will ask for it. Criticism and complaint he does not tolerate.

In the early days, before the boys got to know him, I remember one saying to Harry he thought a certain tune should be played in a particular way, although Harry had not asked him what he thought.

Harry's reply was, "All right, you play it that way—but not when I'm around."

Such a thing has never happened again.

There is never a word that might be misconstrued as challenging his authority or better judgment.

He is always firm with the boys, but never rude to them. His motto is firm politeness, if anything more than firmness is called for.

There is no need for him to waste breath on tirades if the band is not playing to his liking.

"Come on, boys, let's have more punch," or "Get a little sweetness into it," and punch and sweetness there is.

While conducting, Harry thinks swiftly. The inspiration for some slight improvement will come suddenly upon him. Something he did not think of at the rehearsal. A gesture, an expression, and the instrumentalist is with him in an instant.

The whole band is one complete unit, controlled by Harry's mind.

His control over members of the band is complete, too, in matters not so musical.

Every member of the band knows well that if he has any grievance or complaint, or if he gets the idea he is not getting a fair deal, he can go to Harry and put things right. Harry will either prove the discontent to be entirely imaginary or will search out the truth of the matter and have it put right.

'Hotcha' as the band boys see him.

Harry knows the temperaments and little peculiarities of the fellows. This helps a lot on keeping them happy and content.

Right from the beginning he came to an understanding with the boys.

"If anything is wrong, if you want to say anything," he said, "come and tell me about it. I'll help you if I can."

Ever since, they have taken advantage of Harry's offer and consult him whenever any difficulty crops up. Not only band affairs but private ones as well.

Another important factor in keeping his boys together as one happy family is Harry's golden rule of treating them all alike.

Where publicity and limelight are concerned, he is careful that one member does not get more than another.

I have mentioned Harry's iron will. He does not expect more of his men than he does of himself. But that is quite a lot.

When he was on tour in Scotland he fell while in his dressing-room and was in considerable pain. A doctor was called and diagnosed a broken rib. He ordered Harry off to hospital to have it set and bandaged up.

It would, of course, have meant the finish of the performance.

"No, doc," Harry said, "the show first and I'll come along and see you afterwards."

Harry went right through the show without betraying the pain he was in to the audience. His will carried him to the end and when the curtain came down for the last time he was half-fainting. Then we took him to hospital.

Harry does not believe in the word "can't."

He does not expect anybody else to.

Harry Roy the Sportsman

HARRY is something of a marvel as a sportsman.

How he manages to take such an active interest in so many different branches of sport is a mystery.

His keenness on cricket is particularly great. In addition, he goes in for tennis, motoring, riding, swimming, and badminton. Between whiles, he finds time to see a football or ice-hockey match.

Cricket is his main sport.

During schooldays he was a good bowler and smart fielder.

He got a nasty crack over the eye from the ball and did not play again for many years.

Three years ago, an admirer of Harry Roy and the band oered them a ground at Chadwell Heath where they could play cricket. Harry made up his mind to take it up again.

He was as happy as a sandboy at the idea of playing again. Before many weeks were over, the team was going strong, playing all comers from round about.

Harry is particularly happy when he is playing against policemen.

The team has done very well. Last year, out of 36 matches played they won 29. A lot of the success is due to Harry's bowling. In one match he took nine for 7. Other figures are six for 50, seven for 28, and eight for 35. He once took four wickets in one over.

There is always the risk that a member of the team will get a broken finger or some injury, jeopardising the evening session at the Mayfair. But so long as his boys get their game of cricket Harry is willing to take the risk.

As a captain he is as efficient as he is a leader of the band. He keeps all the fellows up to scratch and will tolerate no slackness.

Swimming is a sport he cannot get enough of. Last summer, whenever it was possible, he and his fiancee were off into the country seeking a quiet pool. He prefers swimming in the sea, but the opportunity is not always there. He is a strong swimmer and a good diver.

He was put off diving for a while after a bad landing, but he has taken to it again as keenly as ever.

He is also fond of surf riding.

He manages to combine motoring with business by going everywhere in his car when on tour. He never has a chauffeur, preferring to drive himself. He gets a great kick out of being at the wheel. He favours an open car.

He likes going at a good speed but never runs a risk.

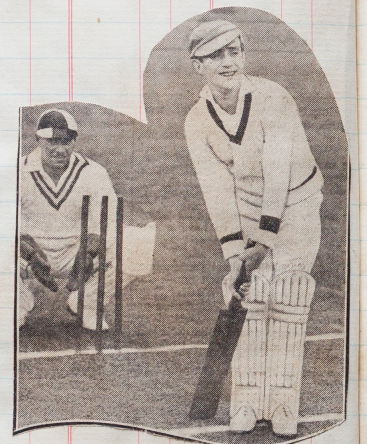
AT times he takes drives into the country. He and his wife are very fond of scenery.

They play a good deal of tennis and badminton together. Harry and the Ranee usually play Syd Roy and the Princess.

Recently Harry started teaching his wife to play snooker.

The position now is that she usually beats him.

He has also succeeded in getting her to share his interest in soccer. He himself is a Spurs' supporter and never misses a home match. He takes it very much to heart when they are defeated. If ever you see Harry looking like the man with a load of trouble you can bet your life Spurs lost.



He has even got the Ranee interested in the game now.

When he was on tour he saw Glasgow Rangers playing Kilmarnock, the Rangers winning by five goals to two. After the game, he told me he likes the Scots style much better than the English.

Had he the time, I am sure he would play football. While making his film, he would pop out between the shots and kick about with the boys on a piece of waste ground.

Whenever he gets the chance he likes to be out in the air having a game at something, even if it is only with a soft ball on a muddy piece of ground.

In the summer Harry likes to go riding.

He once had a narrow escape on horseback when he was out with two of the boys. A lorry came hurtling round a corner straight at them. They all got off to get their mounts out of the way, but the lorry got two of the horses and killed them.

Harry's bolted, but in spite of the nasty experience his first thought was for his horse and he shot off down the road after it.

Ice hockey is another sport he likes to watch and does as often as he gets the chance.

Oh, and there's another game he likes to play. Golf. But he's not very good at it and doesn't pretend to be. He's game all the same.

HARRY ROY

The Husband

HARRY ROY the husband is a different man from Harry the bachelor. The difference is most striking.

After his marriage his whole demeanour changed. His outlook on life seemed altered.

Before, there was only one thing in life that really mattered—his band. It was only with an effort that he took an interest in other things, such as cricket and his car.

At heart he was a lonely man. Not even the care and affection his mother bestowed upon him, reciprocated on his part to the full, could quite fill that loneliness.

When I met him in the street he would appear to be absorbed in some great problem. Speak to him, and he would seem to struggle to come to life and partially succeed. Even then you would get the impression he was not listening to what you were saying.

Not that he was unhappy. He was just very quiet and thoughtful in his moments of inactivity.

The band was always on his mind.

Then he met the Princess, and the change came.

Now There's a Song in His Heart.

The cloud of loneliness in his heart rolled away when the sunshine of romance gleamed in.

Here was something to bring out the vitality within him which one only saw when he was standing before his boys.

Now there is a song in his heart all the time. A song as sweet and lilting as any he ever sung over the air.

He has a companion such as he has never had before. Somebody to look after him.

I wonder what Mrs Roy, sen., will think of that? She will understand. The joy Harry's marriage occasioned her, the amicability with which she lives so near to them now, shows that she does.

Harry and his wife are like a couple of children in their great happiness. For ever pulling one another's leg, teasing, and playing the fool.

He will never allow her to be anything but gay.

He is a model husband. He studies his wife's whims and little fancies. One is her great love of flowers. These he lavishes upon her.

They are both very fond of the pictures.

They like going shopping together, too. The great drawback is that they both hate being recognised and having a crowd gathering round. Though Harry himself doesn't mind it so much when Mrs Roy is with him.

Their joint interests are very numerous, especially in the way of sports.

As Harry does little things for his wife, she likewise does her best to please him in his little eccentricities.

One is his love of kippers. He is always asking for them, and gets them.

Another is salt beef and gherkins. These two could be dished up every day as a staple diet, and Harry wouldn't mind in the least.

What other people might regard as the discomforts of married life Harry enjoys.

The Princess makes a point of getting him up in good time every morning, and he has to get a cup of tea for her.

She also sees to it that he does not smoke too much. Since his marriage, he has taken to a pipe.

When the Princess Goes to Mayfair.

Harry used to be very fond of a flutter on a horse like many other rational beings, but his wife keeps a strict eye on his flutterings, and saves him from many a dud investment.

Home life, in the ordinary sense of the word, is practically an impossibility to any band leader. Not much time for sitting around the fireside, but Harry and the Princess do their best to make home a comfortable reality.

In the old days, it was often a night club after the Mayfair, but now, more often than not, it is "Home, James," and they don't stop on the way.

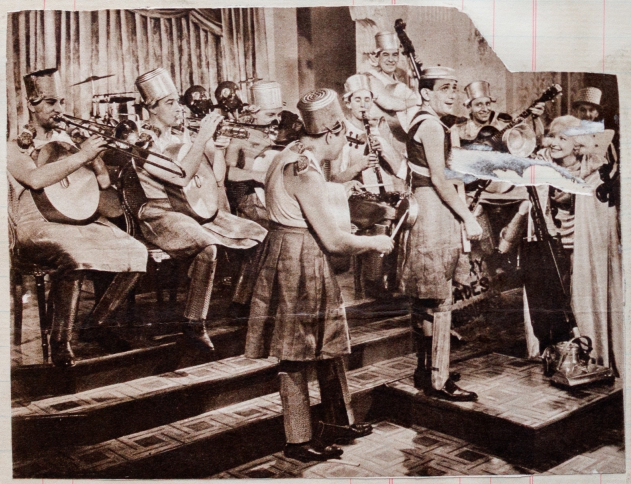
Sometimes the Princess goes to the Mayfair to watch him. She sits at a special table where Harry can see her out of the corner of his eye without turning away from the boys. Afterwards they will go somewhere and enjoy themselves.

As a rule, however, they just go home.

His wife also sees to it that he gets plenty of exercise.

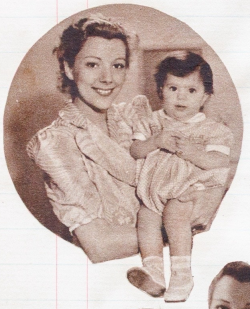
He recently threatened to give up cricket, but she would not hear of it. It is certain they will be going strong again this summer.

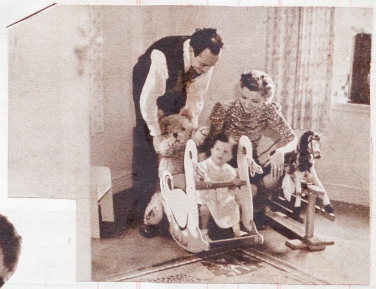
Harry is better for all this, physically and mentally. Always bright and happy and on the top pitch of well-being.



HARRY ROY, the dance band leader, yesterday received an offer from the Australian Broadcasting Commission to be their principal dance band leader for 1937. He said he would not accept unless it meant that he could take every member of his band to Australia.

Vive le Roy!





Princess
PEARL

UNUSUAL portrait of Mrs. Harry Roy, vocalist and screen actress. She pauses to give the cameraman a characteristic smile

BUNNY BERIGAN

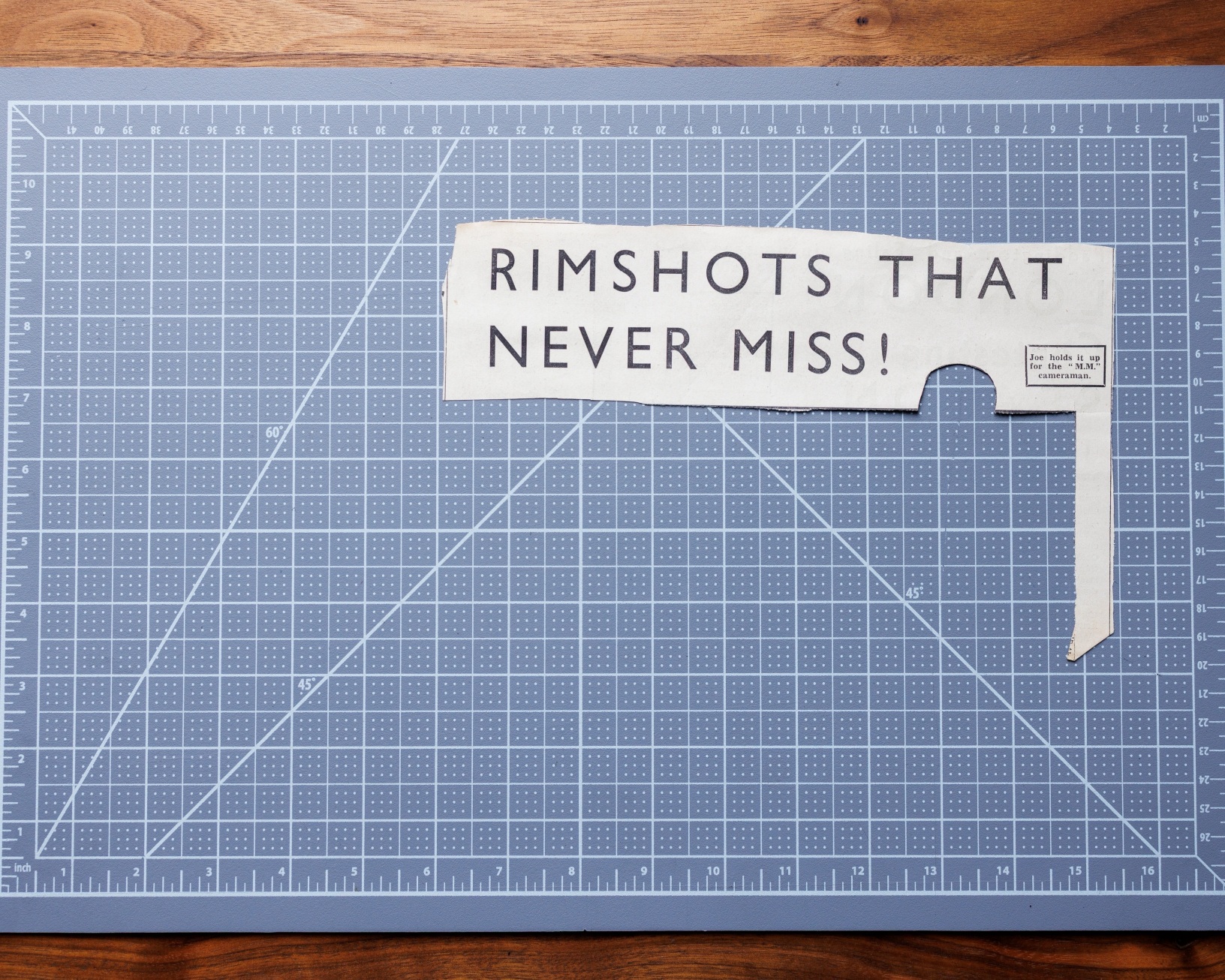
Jack Teagarden caught at the microphone in one of his inimitable vocals

RIMSHOTS THAT NEVER MISS!

Joe holds it up for the "M.M." cameraman.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS BAND

RIMSHOTS THAT NEVER MISS!



Joe holds it up for the "M.M." cameraman.

Paddington and Ealing inaugurate the

LONDON Contesting SEASON

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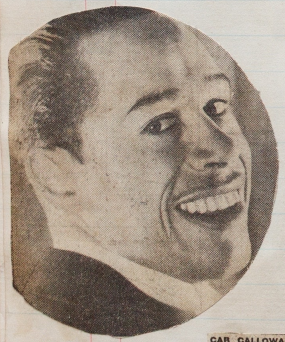
Right : Jack Hylton (back to camera) presents the prizes at Ealing.

Below : The Editor announces the results at Paddington.

Cab Calloway, one of the Uncrowned Kings of Harlem!

CAB'S BAND SIZZLING THE ETHER DURING A BROADCAST.



CAB CALLOWAY —SO "HOT" THAT AN ASBESTOS SUIT SHOULD BE MADE FOR INTERVIEWERS!

Cab Calloway's rhythm men— Barefield, Harris, Brown, Thomas.

Thursday next, 11 p.m. (19-56 and 31-48 metres)

STATIONS TIME-TABLE AND ABBREVIATIONS IDENTIFICATION CHART

(All times are Greenwich Mean Time.)

—Pittsburgh, Pa. (Relays National casting Co.'s Blue Network programmes from KDKA).
13.91m, (21.54m.), 11.45 a.m.—2 p.m.
(—19.71m, (15.21mc.), 2 p.m.—midnight,
—25.26m. (11.87mc.), Midnight—3 a.m.
—48.83m. (6.14mc.), 3—5 a.m.
GXAL—Bound Brook, N.J. (See special announcement in next col.).
16.8m. (17.76mc.), 2—11.45 p.m.* and midnight—2 a.m.†
—49.1m. (6.1mc.), 2—6 a.m.†

W2XE—Wayne, N.J. (Relays mainly Columbia Broadcasting System's programmes from WABC).
(g)—13.94m. (21.52mc.). 12.30 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays 1.00 p.m.) to 3.00 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays 6.00 p.m.).*
§(h)—19.64m. (15.27mc.). 6.00 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays 7.30 p.m.) to 9.00 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays 10 p.m.).*
§(k)—25.36m. (11.83mc.), 9.15 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays 10.15 p.m.) to 11.00 p.m.*
§(l)—16.89m. (17.76mc.). 11.30 p.m. to 5.00 a.m.†

W2XAL—Philadelphia, Pa. (Relays CBS programmes from WCAU).
§(m)—31.28m. (9.59mc.), 5.00 p.m. to 1.00 a.m. (Wednesdays and Sundays to midnight).
§(n)—49.5m. (6.06mc). 1.00 a.m. to 4.00 a.m.

W2XAD—Schenectady, N.Y. (Relays mainly NBC Red Network programmes from WGY).
(r)—19.56m. (15.33mc.), 4—11 p.m.* and 11 p.m.—2 a.m.

W2XAF—Schenectady, N.Y. (Relays mainly N.B.C. Red Network programmes from WGY).
(s)—21.48m. (9.53mc.). 9 (except Friday) 6 p.m. and Saturdays 5 p.m.)—11 p.m. and 11 p.m.—3 a.m.†

*—Directional aerial to Europe.
†—Directional aerial to Southern or Central America.
(Non-directional aerial unless otherwise indicated).

Note.—Although programmes transmitted on aerials directional to Europe are likely to be heard more strongly, those on the non-directional and directional to Central and South America aerials are not necessarily inaudible here.

‡Alteration since last month and since the Hour-by-Hour time-table was published on October 23 (page 16).

According to the exigencies of the moment, various last minute alterations to the programmes must be anticipated.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5.

W2XAD (r) and W2XAF (s).—12.00 a.m.—William Scott's Orch. 12.30.—Stock and Sports. 1.00.—Robert Ripley in "Believe It or Not," with B. A. Rolfe's Orch. and guest stars. 1.30.—Jack Haley's "Log Cabin," variety with Virginia Verrill and others. 2.00.—Al Roth's Concert Orch.

W2XAF (s).—2.00 a.m.—Al Roth's Orch. (continued). 2.30.—"Special Delivery" (dramatic sketch). 3.00.—N.B.C. Symphony Orch., guest artists. 4.30.—Al Donahue's Orch. 5.00.—Sign off.

W2XAD (r).—4.00 p.m.—News. 4.
and Muzzy (piano duo). 4.15.
Flute" (dramatised Folk Lore). 4.
less Trio. 5.00. — Denver String
5.30.—Chicago University Current T
cussion. 6.00.—Paul Martin's Orch
Tuskegee Choir. 7.00.—Sunday
variety, with Frances Adair (soprano
orch. and artists. 7.30.—Gale Page
(vocalists), Harry Kogen's Orch. 8.0
Newsreel (interview). 8.30.—"Bicycle
variety, with Swor and Lubin (bla
comedy), Bill Slater, M.C., Hugo M
Orch., and others.
W2XAD (r) and W3XAF (s).—9.00
Alma Tidmarsh (Chapel organ).
Marion Talley (soprano). 10.30

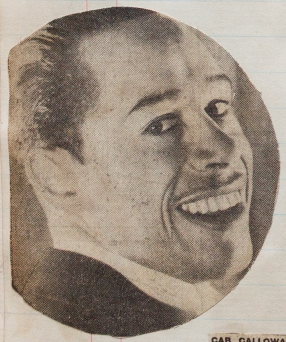
W3XAL

(for wavelengths see e
Stations Timetable h
This station now ro
features from the N.B.C. Re
Networks, and recordings fr
own studio, specially chosen to
terest various European countries.
Announcements are made in the
respective countries' languages.
Times (daily except Sundays) a
follows:—

2.00 p.m. to 5.00 p.m.—
European servic
(announcements in English
5.00 p.m to 6.00 p.m. (e)—
French Hou
6.00 p.m. to 7.00 p.m. (e)—
Italian Hou
7.00 p.m. to 8.00 p.m. (e)—
German Hou

CAB'S BAND SIZZLING THE ETHER DURING A BROADCAST.

Cab Calloway, one of the Uncrowned Kings of Harlem!



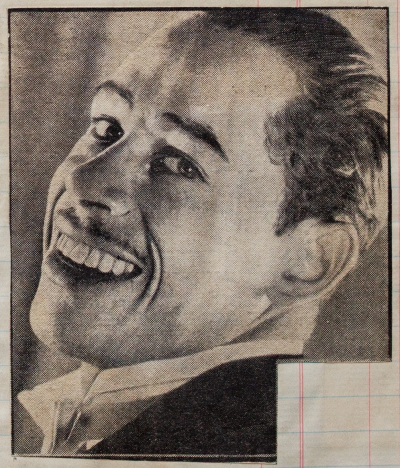
CAB CALLOWAY —SO "HOT" THAT AN ASBESTOS SUIT SHOULD BE MADE FOR INTERVIEWERS!

Cab Calloway's rhythm men — Barefield, Harris, Brown, Thomas.

"HIS HIGHNESS of

HI-DE-HO"

THE STORY OF CAB CALLOWAY



Merrin Boys Haul Pianos Through Streets To Ensure Opening of New Hucknall Ballroom

5 NOTTS ROBIN HOOD MEN

SOME two years ago, a prominent Nottingham business man, Mr. G. W. Fisher, conceived the idea of opening up a club to cater for the social needs of the residents in the St. Ann's district of his home-town.

With this end in view, he acquired a site in Corporation Road, and, in due course, there appeared a magnificent block of buildings, designated the Robin Hood Club.

We have mentioned that Mr. Fisher is a native of Nottingham, so that no further explanation should be necessary, to all who know this hotbed of dancing, as to his decision to make dancing and dance music his top-line attraction.

The principal amenities of the club are a five-piece dance band and a splendid and commodious dance floor, and it is only necessary to hear the former in action to realise why the latter should be so crowded as to seem only half big enough.

Business is certainly brisk at the Robin Hood Club, and the boys who are intent upon keeping it so are Jim Bently (leader, drums, and vocals); Cyril Humphries (piano); Albert Ward (guitar); Alf Harris (trumpet and vocals); and Fred Taylor (alto, clarinet and trumpet).

This is the official personnel, but so frequently do fresh faces appear on the stand during a session that one may be excused for not knowing it unless told. The explanation for this lies in the popularity of the club with local dance musicians, who, when enjoying a night off, invariably take a busman's holiday to enjoy a jam session.

THE new Empire Ballroom, Hucknall, Notts, the projected opening of which was exclusively announced in these pages some weeks ago, has been duly opened to the public, and what an auspicious opening it was!

To Billy Merrin and his Commanders fell the honour of playing for the inauguration, and a crowd of over 800 enthusiastic patrons saw to it that the event should be a memorable one in the history of Hucknall.

To understand just what these figures mean, it is only necessary to point out that they more than doubled the previous record for any dance held in the town, and both Harold Pryce-Davies, the manager, and Billy Merrin were surprised and delighted at the public response to the innovation, which undoubtedly proved that, given the facilities, there is a big dancing public ready to be catered for in the neighbourhood.

ONE-NIGHT STANDS

It also proved that Hucknall has distinct possibilities as a one-night stand spot for show bands, and any of these, whilst working in the district, are especially invited by Mr. Pryce-Davies to get in touch with him if they are interested.

There was one amusing incident, connected with the opening, which is well worth recording.

In the hustle and stress of the final details, Mr. Pryce-Davies had forgotten to mention anything about pitch in ordering his piano. On Merrin's boys taking the stand, pianist Ken Myers found that the instrument which had been delivered was high pitch and therefore unsuitable for the band's requirements.

It would take much more than this to nonplus the Commanders! A hurried "Council of War" was convened, and, as a result of these deliberations, three boys, armed with clarinets, were immediately dispatched to three separate hostelries in Hucknall, with instructions to report on the most likely instrument which might be available.

"DISTANCE NO OBJECT"

One was discovered about half a mile away, but, like the slogan of the haulage people, "distance was no object," and the boys' persuasive powers were next enlisted.

The owner of the coveted piano was interviewed, and, upon an exchange being arranged, Merrin's boys carried both pianos bodily through the streets between their respective destinations!

By the way, this occasion witnessed the last appearance with the band of Ken Myers, who has left the band to go into business in his native Leeds. His place at the piano has been taken by Stan Burrows, the brother of Billy's present drummer.

touches the skin, and takes away any ring you may have in your side drum.

The "Rimshot" is adjustable and can be put on at any angle of the drum, and it does not matter whether you are right-handed or left.

Make Up Your Own

I know I shall be expected to give you some drum breaks in which to use rimshots, but really there is nothing to explain. Just play the break you have in mind exactly the same way, but, instead of using the rim of your side drum, use the "Rimshot." You will be sure of getting the effect you want.

When I was touring last year, drummers who used to come around the stage door and ask me to show them my kit always asked me the same question—how did I get such perfect rimshots? I showed them the little rimshot gadget, and they suggested to me that I should put it on the market. Now, boys, it's through yourselves that this is on the market, so don't blame me.

Nothing to Learn

There is nothing to learn, no "how - to - play - it - in - six - lessons." Just go ahead with your ordinary rimshot breaks and feel certain about them. A further tip is to vary the tone by releasing the side-drum snares.

I use the device on my record of *Cuban Pete*, which is due out on Regal - Zonophone (Joe Daniels and his Hot Shots) just about now.

Joe Daniels explains his new invention

produce different rimshot tones. For instance, playing on the rimshot gadget, then back to the rim of side drum, and then resting the left-hand stick on the device and hitting it with the right-hand stick, and also using the side drum whenever you wish. This can be done with the usual rumba rhythm.

I also discovered that the "Rimshot" (which is the name the gadget literally asked for—and got!) acted as a damper, because the piece of wood

VARIETY AMBITIONS WITH A BAND

LAST Saturday, in Hull, where Harry Roy and his Band were playing, Joe "Double - Stick" Daniels, Harry's old and tried show drummer, said goodbye to his leader and his other pals in the band preparatory to making a bid for honours in his own right.

Joe and Harry parted amicably, but no doubt reluctantly, for they have climbed up in the profession side by side.

RECORDING SUCCESS

Still, Joe has been so successful individually, not only as one of the keystones of Harry's Band but as the leader and principal attraction of the popular "Hot Shot" records on Parlophone, that it became evident he would have no trouble in securing variety bookings in his own name.

Joe Daniels, therefore, is now hard at work planning a show and getting together his "Hot-Shots" supporting band for stage presentation.

He wants to do the job right, consequently he is accepting no dates until he has mapped it all out, but it can be only a few weeks before his name is up in lights at the principal halls.

In the meantime, Harry's Band is laying off for a week, except for some recording, and next week is due to start on a new film.

This rest from touring is giving Harry an opportunity to find a successor to fill Joe Daniels' place without rushing his selection.

Thursday next, 11 p.m. (19-56 and 31-48 metres)

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(All times are Greenwich Mean Time.)

—Pittsburgh, Pa. (Relays National Broadcasting Co.'s Blue Network programmes from KDKA).
—13.91m, (21.54m.), 11.45 a.m.—2 p.m.
—19.71m, (15.21mc.), 2 p.m.—midnight.
—25.26m, (11.87mc.), Midnight—3 a.m.
—48.83m, (6.14mc.), 3—6 a.m.

XAL.—Bound Brook, N.J. (See special announcement in next col.).
—16.8m, (17.79mc.), 2—11.45 p.m.* and midnight—2 a.m.†
—31m, (9.6mc.), 2—6 a.m.†

W2XE—Wayne, N.J. (Relays mainly Columbia Broadcasting System's programmes from WABC).
(g)—13.94m, (21.52mc.), 12.30 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays 1.00 p.m.) to 3.00 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays 6.00 p.m.).*
§(h)—19.64m. (15.27mc.), 6.00 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays 7.30 p.m.) to 9.00 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays 10 p.m.).*
§(k)—25.36m. (11.82mc.), 9.15 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays 10.15 p.m.) to 11.00 p.m.*
§(l)—16.89m. (17.76mc.). 11.30 p.m. to 5.00 a.m.†

W3XAL—Philadelphia, Pa. (Relays CBS programmes from WCAU).
§(m)—31.28m. (9.59mc.), 5.00 p.m. to 1.00 a.m. (Wednesdays and Sundays to midnight).
§(n)—49.5m. (6.06mc). 1.00 a.m. to 4.00 a.m.

W2XAD—Schenectady, N.Y. (Relays mainly NBC Red Network programmes from WGY).
(r)—19.56m. (15.33mc.), 4—11 p.m.* and 11 p.m.—2 a.m.†

W2XAF—Schenectady, N.Y. (Relays mainly N.B.C. Red Network programmes from WGY).
(s)—31.48m. (9.53mc.), 9 (except Friday) 6 p.m. and Saturdays 5 p.m.)—11 p.m. and 11 p.m.—5 a.m.†

*—Directional aerial to Europe.
†—Directional aerial to Southern or Central America.
(Non-directional aerial unless otherwise indicated).

Note.—Although programmes transmitted on aerials directional to Europe are likely to be heard more strongly, those on the non-directional and directional to Central and South America aerials are not necessarily inaudible here.

§Alteration since last month and since the Hour-by-Hour time-table was published on October 23 (page 16).

According to the exigencies of the moment various last minute alterations to the programmes must be anticipated.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5.

W2XAD (r) and W2XAF (s).—12.00 a.m.—William Scott's Orch. 12.30.—Stock and Sports. 1.00.—Robert Ripley in "Believe It or Not," with B. A. Rolfe's Orch. and guest stars. 1.30.—Jack Haley's "Log Cabin" variety with Virginia Verrill and others. 2.00.—Al Roth's Concert Orch.

W2XAF (s).—2.00 a.m.—Al Roth's Orch. (continued). 2.30.—"Special Delivery" (dramatic sketch). 3.00.—N.B.C. Symphony Orch., guest artists. 4.30.—Al Donahue's Orch. 5.00.—Sign off.

W2XAD (r).—4.00 p.m.—News. 4.(
and Muzzy (piano duo). 4.15
Flute" (dramatised Folk Lore). 4
less Trio. 5.00. — Denver String
5.30.—Chicago University Current
cussion. 6.00.—Paul Martin's Orch
Tuskegee Choir. 7.00.—"Sunday
variety, with Frances Adair (soprano
orch. and artists. 7.30.—Gale Page,
(vocalists), Harry Kogen's Orch. 8.0
Newsreel (interviews). 8.30.—"Bicycle
variety, with Swor and Lubin (bo
comedy), Bill Slater, M.C., Hugo M
Orch., and others.

W2XAD (r) and W2XAF (s).—9.00 Alma Tidmarsh (Chapel organ). Marion Talley (soprano). 10.2

W3XAL

(for wavelengths see e and f in Stations Timetable herewith.)

This station now relays musical features from the N.B.C. Red and Blue Networks, and recordings from its own studio, specially chosen to interest various European countries.

Announcements are made in the respective countries' languages.

Times (daily except Sundays) as follows:—

2.00 p.m. to 5.00 p.m.—European service (announcements in English)
5.00 p.m. to 6.00 p.m. (e)—French Hou
6.00 p.m. to 7.00 p.m. (e)—Italian Hou
7.00 p.m. to 8.00 p.m. (e)—German Hou

memorable affair. The organiser were not rewarded as they migh have been, although the first hurdl was taken in good style by securin a fine entry list of ten high standard bands. The crowd fe far short of expectations, and f seems that the district, not havin had a contest before, did not kno how well it was worth supportin At least one spectator, howeve found the event of absorbing inter est, and that was THE MELOD MAKER'S Dutch correspondent Robert Zeverijn, who was much i evidence with his camera.

First Band Sets the Pace

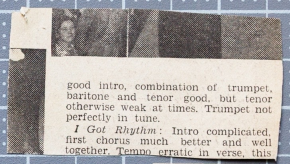
However, in all other respect this was a fine show. The firs band to kick off, the Six Swin Kings, set such a high standar that it was never equalled, and s this band won against excellen competition.

This contest also marked th occasion of the first appearance Bram Martin, of the Holbor Restaurant, on the adjudicatin board. Bram is a fine all-roun musician with an enormous experi ence of both straight and dan music. His judgments were sou and helpful, and he said it was most enjoyable experience.

The West London Championsh having been disposed of, a few da afterwards the Middlesex Coun Championship was held at the Ealin Town Hall, on Friday, October 30, a the show, jointly organised by Messr W. A. Durrant and L. A. Carlton, w designed to aid the funds of th Hanwell Cottage Hospital. The Earl Jersey had put up a challenge cup f it. As is customary with the Ealin contests, there was a fine crow present, but the trouble this time wa the shortage of entries, many of th local probables having important gig which they could not put off.

Celebs On the Stage

In the end, the Ambassadors Dance Band, of Uxbridge, emerged successfu his Swing Fiv



good intro, combination of trumpet, baritone and tenor good, but tenor otherwise weak at times. Trumpet not perfectly in tune.

I Got Rhythm: Intro complicated, first chorus much better and well together. Tempo erratic in verse, this

Trumpet vibrato too fast and phrasing not too confident. A very competent last chorus, but finish not so exact.

Waltz: Saxes not too well balanced and trumpet slightly out of tune. A very fair performance generally, with dynamics well assured.

Organ Grinder's Swing: A very good performance indeed, effectively

by guitar noted just before the goo coda.

Waltz: Individual faults shown up little in this number. Intonatio rather slack and balance upset by over pronounced guitar. Poor double b flowery. Trumpet vibrato on the fas side and guitar bridge passage unsui able for dancing. Finish good

45

CURLY WALTERS pushed his fiddle beneath an arm and shuffled across the road; he pressed the door bell of an unimposing structure and waited. A hatchet-faced female appeared in the opening, let out something between a grunt and a snarl and promptly closed the door with a bang.

"Sweet and Lovely," sighed Curly and tried next door with much the same result. He tried 'em all and finally turned into the next street and started to play. A group of navvies were heaving up the pavement at one end, and looked up as the notes floated down street.

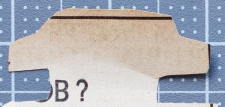
"Lumme! We're goin' to 'ave a spot of entertainment, mate!" commented one of these individuals with a complexion that

they were touring the Dominion, one particularly generous action being the loan to all and sundry of his car.

* * *

Ken Crossley, looking fitter than ever and disguised in a dark trilby, hailed me up West. Now sings at the Cocoanut Grove and, I'm told, has improved enormously within the last year.

Alan Breeze having tired of the caning Bill Cotton inflicts in "Schoolboys' Howlers," new guitarist Eddie Pullen gets it, for which purpose he has a neatly folded travelling rug in-



B?

dream plea of

OFFREY CLAYTON

wards, next day forwarding the esult to the editor.

Well, I tried it with my own lob-ter, but it didn't work out just s I figured. I *did* get to sleep at ast, although that granite feeling ound about the ribs took a lot of onquering. And then I dreamt. Of ourse I dreamt! I dreamt I was ing Crosby, crooning out the atest heart-throb to a hook-up bigger than any Victorian corsetry. Never had Bing's voice been in finer orm; there before my eyes was the icrophone, behind it my unseen ublic waiting, until I should have nished, to scorch the telephone ires with their adulation; yes, it vas all complete—vivid as if I were ving it.

I was wrong, of course, because, or one thing, it wasn't a micro-phone at all, but a sponge, and it vas held by my landlord. It is uite true that he was going to elephone, but it was the police hat he proposed ringing up, had e been unable to put a stop to the earful yells and groans that were roceeding from the face on the illow.

CIAL

"KING of Scat."... "His High-de-highness of Ho-de-ho." The young man who, by uttering weird vocal noises, brought something odd but definitely new to jazz.

In other words Cab Calloway, coloured American band-leader, and inventor of "scat singing." We know him over here through his records, his Hollywood films, and his personal appearance tour of British music-halls last year.

He is up among the top liners of his race, with Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, the Mills Brothers. But for a different reason. Ellington gave us something new in musicianship; Armstrong contributed astonishing feats on the trumpet; the Mills boys gave us rhythm singing and vocal imitations such as we never heard before.

But Cab Calloway came along with something new in sheer showmanship, in personality. After all, his "hi-de-ho" does not advance jazz very far, does it? It is only a novelty, a "gag." But there's no denying that the slim, olive-skinned, black-haired young negro with his whirlwind conducting, his smile and his crazy vocal noises brought something tonic into the band business.

He certainly stirred up the fans over here on his first week at the London Palladium. Up till then the "house record" for fan mail had been held by no less than Ramon Novarro. But Cab Calloway soon topped that with the bags of letters from admirers that he drew.

It was an astonishing act that he put on, too. One heavy critic described it as "musical epilepsy," that being the way Cab's gymnastic leadership of his band affected him!

Cab dances a bit, uses his long white baton a bit, sings a bit, and goes off into vocal rhapsodies of "hi-de-ho" into a mike.

What is the meaning of this odd language that Cab has made his own? Well, it came about this way: a few years ago Cab was working in the Dreamland Café, Chicago, a big dance resort of the Windy City. There he wielded the baton, did a few vocals, announced the cabaret and in various ways performed with the band.

Cab's stuff, too, seemed to attract the customers, for they used to stop dancing and watch him from the balcony.

Then one night Cab clean forgot the words of a new hot rhythm number that he intended to sing. Nothing daunted, Cab thought that real words were unnecessary as long as he put the rhythm over. So he just made jungle-ish noises into the mike, in the wordless singing style that all negroes do so well.

It went down with great success, so Cab did it again next night, and went on doing it. His "hi-de-ho" had come to stay, so he kept to it and made it his trade mark. And that's how the Calloway system of "scat singing" was born—"scat" being the professional name for wordless vocalising.

What does "Cab" stand for? Cabell. It is on his birth certificate in his native city of Baltimore, Maryland, on the famous Mason-Dixon line. Cab is a child of the South, though, like Louis Armstrong, he owes a lot to Chicago and Harlem, mecca of all negro dance-music men.

Cab is in his early thirties, and it is only in the past seven or eight years that he has been in show business. He has a sister, though, who is a song-and-dance star in the States, and she had a lot to do with Cab's adoption of the stage as a career. She it was who got him his first night-club job. To-day Blanche Calloway leads her own orchestra of coloured girl musicians.

Cab Calloway's Boys.

Dear Rex,—Please could you tell me the members of Cab Calloway's Orchestra and the instruments they play?—"A Cab Fan" (S.E.11).

Rex King says—Cab Calloway (leader), Benjamin Payne (piano), Morris White (banjo), Edward E. Barefield (sax and clarinet), Arvelle Harris (sax and clarinet), Andrew J. Brown (sax and clarinet), Walter P. Thomas (tenor sax, clarinet and flute), Leroy Maxey (drums), Larar Wright (trumpet), Edwin Swayze (trumpet), Adolphus Anthony Cheatham (trumpet), Harry White (trombone), De Priest Wheeler (trombone), Al Morgan (bass, violin and tuba).

To approach Cab's career chronologically, the microphone did not even enter his thoughts when he completed his school training in Laurayille, at Wilson Park, Maryland. It was only when he captained his basket-ball team at Douglass College that melody began to inveigle his attention from athletics and the higher education.

Perhaps a factor was his sister's success on the stage. It made his mother prevail upon him to accept vocal training from a teacher of singing in Baltimore.

Young Calloway's progress proceeded apace. When the high school gave a revue at the Royal Theatre (he can still show you the programme in which his name appeared) Cab had the leading part.

Responding aptly to further instruction by his sister, he emerged as a song-and-dance man. At the Regent Theatre in Baltimore in 1926 he worked as a member of the stock company. His first number was the tune you still remember—"Tea for Two." It indicates how rapidly Cab advanced.

A reason was his willingness to learn. He acquired next the knack of playing drums, and joined a unity known as Johnny Jones' Orchestra, afterwards joining a show, "Plantation Days," and going with it to Chicago. When it disbanded he found himself working in the Dreamland Café.

It was there that he first attracted attention with "scat singing."

Through various night-club engagements, Cab found himself a polished master of ceremonies. The reputation of his music spread. He was given a contract heading him into Harlem.

There, at the Savoy Ball-room, Connie Immerman, famous impresario, spied him. Connie asked Cab to take a part in his "Hot Chocolates," an all-negro revue. Cab sang "Ain't Misbehavin'" with Margaret Simms. The song was a hit of the show.

Cab meanwhile had found time to be married. He and Winona Conacher, of Buffalo, were united in 1928. So, with family responsibilities, it was necessary for him to work very hard in the show, which he did.

His work soon attracted the notice of radio scouts, and he was lured to the microphone. Cab and his Missourians succeeded Duke Ellington at the Cotton Club when Duke went to Hollywood and England. From the Cotton Club he graduated to feature billing in vaudeville and on the air.

And now the whole world know the Hi-de-ho of Cabell Calloway.

I LOOK OVER YOUR BRITISH BANDS

by

CAB CALLOWAY

KING OF HI-DI-HO

Cab gives it the wolcks with the lads of his band.

"SAY, Cab, wha'dya think of our British bands?"

That's the question they've been firing at me ever since I landed from the other side. Well, a man from Harlem is supposed to know all the answers! But this one's kinda got me guessing.

What with hi-de-hi-ing and ho-de-ho-ing, and meeting folk, and going places, and doing things, it's been a hot time in the old town—every night: Yeah, man!

When I set off from New York, I promised myself a big break.

"Cab, boy," I said to myself, "you're gonna get acquainted with all the folk you've heard and read so much about—Henry Hall, and Fox, and Ambrose, and Lew Stone, and Harry Roy, and all the rest of the gang."

But these whirlwind three weeks in London? How they have gone by! I've heard four of your bands.

They Know Their Stuff!

Swell outfits? Yes, sir! Every one led by an expert, who knows his stuff, and how to get it across.

Roy Fox, Lew Stone, Jack Jackson, and Jack Harris.

Now I ask you—can I set up to say the last word on British dance music on that? No, sir! I'd be a bold man, and I'd deserve all that was coming to me if I did.

But I certainly can and will lay out the position over here as I see it. And I've talked it over with most of the big people in the business—folk who ought to know.

The fans just love to argue.

"Give me the British bands," sez one; "they've got the Yankees whacked when it comes to the real stuff. Look at Hylton. Look at Jack Payne. Look at Ambrose."

"Not for me," sez another. "I like my music hot. Give me the big American outfits. Give me Ellington. Give me Calloway."

They're both wrong!

Every big band in the States has its counterpart over here.

We've got Paul Whiteman. Stands for semi-concert arrangements. Elaborate straight orchestrations. Dance music in the grand style. Takes a ten-cent number and makes it sound like a million dollars! You have Jack Hylton. I haven't heard him yet, but I'll be real sorry if I don't.

We've got Will Osborne. Goes for simple arrangements—more sweet than hot! Plays in strict dance tempo all the time. Muted trumpets. Every instrument subdued. Like the style? Well, I guess Roy Fox hands it to you with his sweet music.

Then there is our Guy Lombardo. Sugar and sentiment. Dreamy violins. Perfect sax team. Sweet and straight. I thought of Guy and his boys when I heard your Jack Harris's orchestra.

Pardon Me, Folks!

Who else? Pardon me, folks. There is the one and only Cab Calloway and his Cotton Club Orchestra!

I listened to an outfit in London, and of the four I heard I reckoned it was the nearest approach to my own. Lew Stone and his boys. That certainly is a very hot band. There may be others as good. I don't know.

Don't get me wrong. It's not that Stone and his boys are imitating me and my gang. But I guess Lew and I are going in the same direction. He's trying to do most of the things I'm trying to do.

I'd like to meet a lot more of your orchestras before I go home.

Harry Roy, for one. They tell me he's another Hi-de-highness of ho-de-ho. Yes, I'd sure like to hear your English Cab Calloway.

But no matter how many bands I hear, you won't get me to say that Britain is either better or worse off than America.

Both places you'll find famous orchestras that play hot, and famous orchestras that play sweet, and famous orchestras that play sweet 'n' hot. Yeah man!

Why I Wasn't On The Air

I certainly would like to have gone on the air.

Over on the other side I'm on the radio seven nights a week from the Cotton Club. Three of the nights my half-hour is taken by the coast-to-coast network and I'm heard all over America.

I like my radio work, and I work as hard for my invisible audience as I do in the theatre.

Radio work requires a technique all on its own. Whether or not your big bands have fully acquired it I'm no judge. I haven't listened-in since I arrived. You see, I'm on the stage when most of the big outfits are on the air.

I know many radio "hot" fans are sorry they haven't heard me. I'm sorry, too. I believe I could have given them something to make 'em sit up and ask for more.

But your B.B.C. and I just couldn't see eye to eye. They just wouldn't pay me my price.

I don't consider I wanted too much. Over in the States I can command more than double my proposed fee for a performance on the air.

My plans for the immediate future? A week in Manchester, then off to Holland. After that a whirlwind tour of the big cities in Belgium and France. Two big concerts in Paris on successive nights. We sail back home on April 25.

My last word—don't believe folk who say the Yankee bands are better or hotter than the British. It only seems like that! Because for every big outfit in London there are fifteen or twenty in New York.

Britain may not have the quantity, but you can't kid me! She certainly has quality. The four bands I heard told me so. Outfits who have class. Yeah man! With a capital K!

Cab Calloway's sax section. Left to Right—Thomas, Brown, Harris and Barefield. Centre—Meet "The Prince" himself! Right—Trumpets to you. Left to Right—Wright, Swayze, and Cheatham.

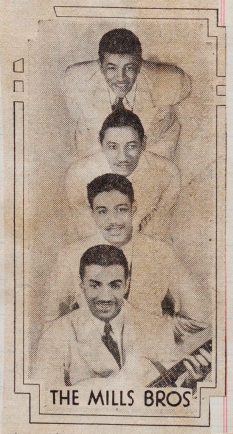
Meet The Mills Brothers

Four Youngsters With But A Single Thought

THE Four Mills Brothers, straight from America on their first visit to this country, arrived over the week-end.

Their imitation of instrumental music is so uncannily on the mark that the unseeing listener would assuredly think it was a full strength orchestra at work.

The four brothers—John, Harry, Robert, and Donald Mills—have reached their perfection only



after much patience, and a scientific study of individual instruments. Their ability to reproduce instrumental music extends over the brass section, the wood-wind, clarinet, bassoon, and oboe.

They are all youngsters. Donald is 19, Harry is 20, Herbert 21, and John 25. Until quite recently all the brothers were members of a church choir in their home town, Piqua, Ohio.

BANK CLERK, BARBER, SHOEBLACK, AND STUDENT

Their daily occupations, however, followed far more varied lines. John has been a janitor, and also a bank clerk; Herbert was apprenticed to a local barber; Harry was a shoeblack, in addition to earning a few dollars as a watcher or "barker" in a car park; and Donald was supposed to have stayed on at college.

In the evenings the four youngsters used to practice singing as a quartette—music was second nature to them. They realised that each had the ability to reproduce notes of an instrument, and this encouraged them to study the various instruments, learning construction and the method of obtaining pitch and variation.

They have succeeded in their quest, and the Four Brothers and Their Guitar can entertain you on lines parallel to that of any orchestra.

THE FOUR ACES

IF you should be walking by a certain assurance office in London, and happen to hear deep booming noises issuing from a window, don't be alarmed. It's only John Emeney.

He's the fellow who runs "Jetsam" a close second, and is the bass quarter of the newly-discovered rhythm quartet, "The Four Aces." They made their first broadcast with Billy Mason and his Band.

You would get another shock if you happened to meet John Emeney suddenly. He's just 6 feet 7 inches in his socks—and still growing!

John has got a brother—Stan. Stan is not so tall, but he has that rhythm complex just as much as his big brother. They can both "boom boom"—and how!

John and Stan, with two pals, Barry Tinsley and Andy Clark, are the "Four Aces," a British counterpart of the Mills Brothers.

A COMPETITION BROUGHT THEM OUT.

They came to the front when a variety and radio competition was held at a London cinema. They did their stuff, and walked out with the prize-money!

[illegible] "Radio Review," the "Four Aces" [illegible] anything to do with a musical instrument was when he sold a clarinet given him by his aunt!

"All our songs are learnt by ear, and by heart. It takes us almost a week to get a number perfect.

"I am the 'grandfather' of the party—I'm 23. Big brother John is 25, Barry is 22, and Andy—[illegible] the guitar—by ear

to borrow a ukelele from a pal, and we two used to sing at home in the evenings.

"We were suddenly struck with the idea of forming a quartet, but didn't know how to go about getting the other two.

"The problem solved itself, though. While we were having a sing-song down at our social club, another member—Andy—asked if he could join in.

"One day we were rehearsing at the club when a bright-looking customer came along. Not knowing him from Adam, we asked him who he was. He was a 'gate-crasher' to the club.

"We were just going to throw him out when he started imitating a trumpet. That settled things. He became an 'Ace' on the spot. That was Barry, of course. He can turn himself into a trumpet, trombone, or a set of drums at will.

BILLY MASON HEARD OUR RECORD.

"As a result of the competition, we were asked to go to Broadcasting House for an audition.

"But our first broadcast was not a result of that audition. Some time after we had started we went to a home-recording firm, and there we made our first record. It sounded great to us, but we little knew that Mr Billy Mason would get to hear of it.

"Somehow he did, and on the strength of that one record he asked us to broadcast with him."

INCOME TAX YEAR 1944-45

CERTIFICATE OF PAY AND TAX DEDUCTED

Mr. A. Martin

(Name of employee and Works No., if any)

Code No. at 5 April, 1945 (Enter "E" if an Emergency Card is in use at 5 April, 1945) 17

District [illegible]

Refce. (if any) [illegible]

£57 / 16 / 8

	Gross pay			Tax		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1. Pay and tax in respect of previous employment(s) in 1944-45 taken into account in arriving at the tax deductions made by me/us						
2. PAY AND TAX IN MY/OUR EMPLOYMENT ...	[redacted]					

I/We certify that the particulars given above include the total amount of pay (including overtime, bonus, commission, etc.) paid to you by me/us in the year ended 5 April, 1945 and the total tax deducted by me/us (less any refunds) in that year.

NOTTINGHAM COOP. SOCIETY

14 JUN 1945 NOTTINGHAM

.....Employer

.....Date

TO THE EMPLOYEE. Keep this certificate. It will help you to check the Notice of Assessment which the Tax Office will send you in due course.

P60

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In a chat with "Radio Review," the "Four Aces" told their stories.

"Musicians?" said Stan Emeney. "Not a bit of it!—not one of us can read the simplest bit of music. The only time John, for instance, had anything to do with a musical instrument was when he sold a clarinet given him by his aunt!

"All our songs are learnt by ear, and by heart. It takes us almost a week to get a number perfect.

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"We two brothers always liked rhythm. I used to borrow a ukelele from a pal, and we two used to sing at home in the evenings.

"We were suddenly struck with the idea of forming a quartet, but didn't know how to go about getting the other two.

"The problem solved itself, though. While we were having a sing-song down at our social club, another member—Andy—asked if he could join in.

"One day we were rehearsing at the club when a bright-looking customer came along. Not knowing him from Adam, we asked him who he was. He was a 'gate-crasher' to the club.

"We were just going to throw him out when he started imitating a trumpet. That settled things. He became an 'Ace' on the spot. That was Barry, of course. He can turn himself into a trumpet, trombone, or a set of drums at will.

BILLY MASON HEARD OUR RECORD.

"As a result of the competition, we were asked to go to Broadcasting House for an audition.

"But our first broadcast was not a result of that audition. Some time after we had started we went to a home-recording firm, and there we made our first record. It sounded great to us, but we little knew that Mr Billy Mason would get to hear of it.

"Somehow he did, and on the strength of that one record, he asked us to broadcast with him."

The Four Aces.

INCOME TAX YEAR 1944-45

CERTIFICATE OF PAY AND TAX DEDUCTED

Mr A Mattin

(Name of employee and Works No., if any)

Code No. at 5 April, 1945 (Enter "E" if an Emergency Card is in use at 5 April, 1945): 12

District Refce. (if any): E51 | 46768

	Gross pay £	s.	d.	Tax £	s.	d.
1. Pay and tax in respect of previous employment(s) in 1944-45 taken into account in arriving at the tax deductions made by me/us						
2. PAY AND TAX IN MY/OUR EMPLOYMENT ...	[redacted]					

I/We certify that the particulars given above include the total amount of pay (including overtime, bonus, commission, etc.) paid to you by me/us in the year ended 5 April, 1945 and the total tax deducted by me/us (less any refunds) in that year.

NOTTINGHAM CO-OP. SOCIETY, UPPER PARLIAMENT ST. NOTTINGHAM

.....Employer

14 JUN 1945 .....Date

TO THE EMPLOYEE. Keep this certificate. It will help you to check the Notice of Assessment which the Tax Office will send you in due course.

P60

INCOME TAX YEAR 1944-45

CERTIFICATE OF PAY AND TAX DEDUCTED

Mr J. Henson

(Name of employee and Works No., if any)

Code No. at 5 April, 1945 (Enter "E" if an Emergency Card is in use at 5 April, 1945): 16

District Refce. (if any): 9044 | 1696

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P60

NOTTINGHAM
LIMITED
CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

—Les Allen's famous Canadian Bachelors.

JOE DANIELS

Accent on Drums—And Frying Pans—And a Washboard

IT isn't so very long ago that many people looked on a drum as an important, but very dull, adjunct of a dance band. It was just a thing that, when walloped, gave out a dull boom.

But what a change in the last few years! Such artistes as Joe Daniels, Max Bacon and others have shown us that drumming can often make or mar the success, not only of a tune, but of the band that plays it.

Just lately there has been a sudden wave of numbers which might almost be turned into drum solos.

We were talking this subject over with Joe Daniels (who besides drumming for Harry Roy also leads his own recording "Hot-Shots").

"How do you explain this rise in importance?" we asked him.

"Well," replied Joe, "there are any number of reasons. For one thing, there never can be anything like drums for producing rhythm.

"The very word 'drums' nowadays covers a whole multitude of instruments. In the old days you only used a bass drum, with a side drum and perhaps a tap block and cymbal.

"My set-up now includes not only these things, but also a series of toned cow-bells, three tom-toms in different tones, four cymbals, one choke cymbal, four temple-blocks and one wood-block, a washboard and a couple of frying-pans.

"The washboard is just an ordinary affair such as any housewife buys for eighteenpence. But what an instrument that can be when you know how to use it. You play it with thimbles, three on each hand.

"In one of my records, a modern version of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree,' I found the washboard of more use for effect than anything else on my frame.

"Incidentally, there is rather a story behind the frying-pans. I bought them in Glasgow at a big store.

"I had heard one accidentally bumped against the wall at home, been struck with the depth of the note produced, and thought that if I could get a couple of them, in say G and D, they might prove useful.

"Imagine me, then, wandering round the store, holding up frying-pans by the handles, rapping them with my knuckles, and listening intently to the resulting 'bong.'

"The girl behind the counter thought I was mad, I think, although she was kind enough not to say so.

"Another reason why drumming has become such an advanced art. No matter how elaborate an arrangement is made of a tune for the rest of the band, the drummer is nearly always left to work out his own score. Apart from one or two definite cues in the score, he is his own master.

"Personally, I find it necessary to put in many hours practice at home, as well as at general rehearsals in order to keep well up to scratch. I have a special soft pad on which I work out my beats at home. You can't play a drum in a modern flat without getting yourself disliked.

"Oh, there's a lot in it—this drumming business."

JOE DANIELS' HOT SHOTS.

Dear Rex,—Please could you tell me the personnel of Joe Daniels and his Hot Shots, also the instruments they play? Could you tell me where I could write for a photo.—"S. B." (London).

Here is the personnel of Joe Daniels and his Hot Shots:—Joe Daniels, drums; Freddy Gardner, sax and clarinet; Archie Slavin, guitar; Tiny Winters, bass; Monia Litter, piano; Max Goldberg, trumpet.

You can write Joe Daniels, c/o Radio Review 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.4. You should enclose a stamped addressed envelope for return of photograph.

Five voices and a piano—the Vocal Kings, sensational act from Holland.

Something About The Vocal Kings

THE Vocal Kings—latest sensation, heard with Jack Payne and Joe Loss—present five voices and a piano.

The five boys are Dutch. They made such a great success on the Continent that they decided to try their luck over here.

They have made such a good impression that they may shortly be lost to America.

The leader is Simon Kool; Eddy de Raay (pianist); Les Fransman (tenor); Lex Goudsmit (baritone); and Haurits Premseler (bass).

Simon Kool is engaged to the well-known French film star Monique Rolland.

Before forming their present act, the boys were on the stage, Eddy de Raay and Lex Goudsmit appearing in a double act.

The five boys got together in quite an impromptu sort of way—they've been together ever since.

They did a few of their numbers for me. I was most amazed to see Eddie de Raay imitate a muted trumpet (without using his hands), so realistically that it was hard to realise he had nothing in his mouth.

A selection of rumbas gave the "Kings" a chance to show how completely at home they are in presentation and comedy.

Theodore Royce—amazingly like Douglas Fairbanks senior—is looking after the Vocal Kings' interest in this country. He is the well-known gipsy violinist.

Solo broadcasts are expected to be fixed up for the Vocal Kings soon.

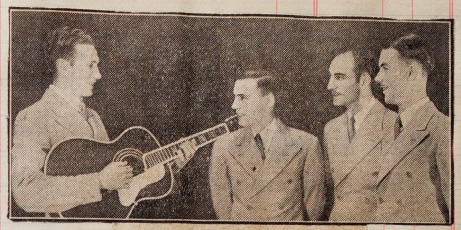
"The Radio Rogues," ace American harmony team,

THREE

BURGESS BROS.

Freddy George Frank

The Three Ginx



Rhythm is their business—The Four Crotchets.

LISTENERS to a recent B.B.C. variety programme could not have failed to solve the identity of what seemed to be a new vocal harmony act, called the Radio Revellers, since the act's opening number was a transcription of *Tavern In the Town*, easily recognised as the signature tune of the Philco Four, who have thus altered their name for the third time.

For a certain period after their formation, they called themselves The Four Crotchets.

These boys will be at the Headland Hotel, Newquay, during Christmas week, and will take part in two festival programmes on Western Regional.

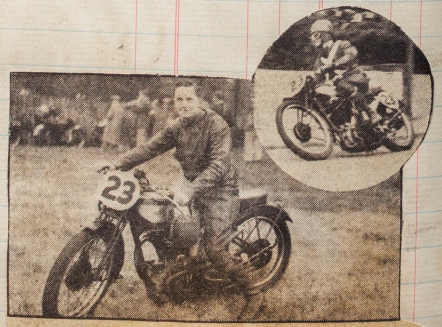
The Carlyle Cousins (seated) with their Swingsistas—a five-piece girls' band with which they launched a very bright new show last week at the Tottenham Court Road Paramount Theatre, London.

The Three Blue Notes.

SCOTT WOOD AND HIS SIX SWINGERS

After something like thirteen years' association with Jack Payne, Bob Easson, J.P.'s violinist and deputy conductor, left recently and soon bagged a fine resident job, with brand-new band, at the luxury Commodore Cinema at Ryde, Isle of Wight. Here is Bob with his Commodore Orchestra.

Joe Marsala and his Chicagoans at the Hickory House, New York (l. to r.): Adele Girard, featured vocalist and harpist; Joe Bushkin, piano; Ray Biondi, guitar; Joe Marsala; Marty Marsala, trumpet; D. Alvin, drums; and Artie Shapiro, bass.

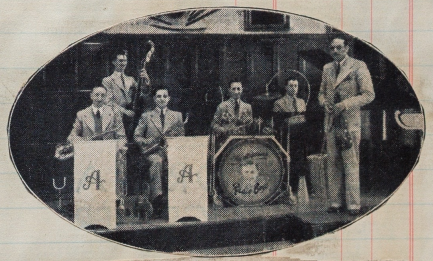


"Fiddler doubling sax doubling motor-cycling" might be the description of Stan Andrews, of Jack Jackson's Band at the Dorchester. He is a keen motor-cycle racer (as the action picture in circle shows) and he looks very smart as he rests in the riders' paddock in the larger picture, don't you think?

GUY LOMBARDO ANNOUNCING THE NEXT NUMBER WHILE THE BOYS ARE ALL SET TO LET IT GO.

Big Bill Gerhardi and his Band

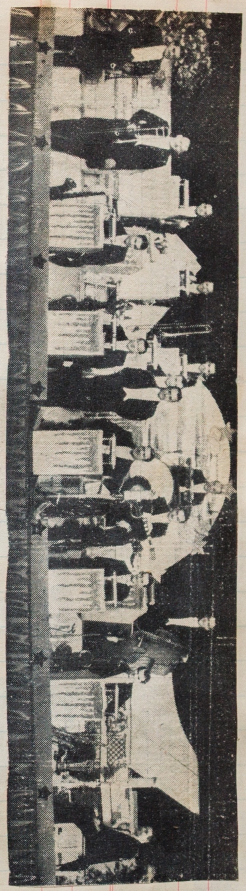
IN a very short space of time, Bill Gerhardi has made himself very popular with his band at the Piccadilly Hotel, which is not surprising, for Bill has been well known around the West End since the early days.



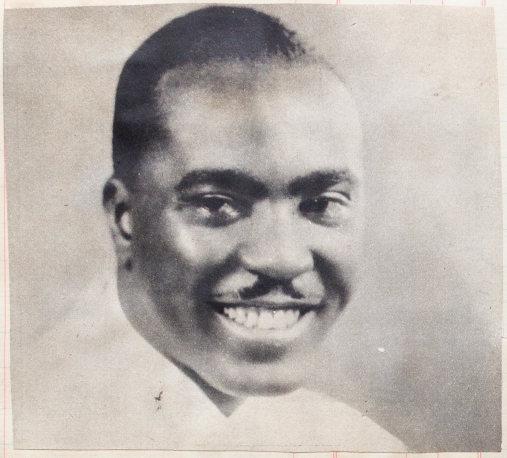
Here are Alec Alexander and his Radio Boys who have been enjoying a successful season at the Queen's Highcliffe Hotel, Clifonville. The line-up is: Michael Prout (violin); Eddie Gorey (saxes, violin and vocal); Frank Markwick (saxes, piano, trumpet and arranger); Guy Conti (piano and accordion soloist) and Alec Alexander (drums).

Benny Goodman, out-and-out hot man and leader of the star white swing band

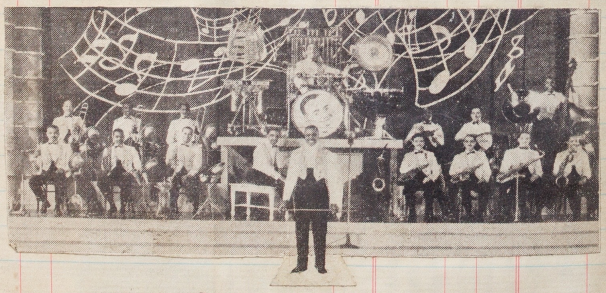
Benny Goodman and his band, as they appear in the film "The Big Broadcast of 1937," currently at the Plaza, W.



The Casa Loma Band



JIMMIE LUNCEFORD
AND HIS
ORCHESTRA



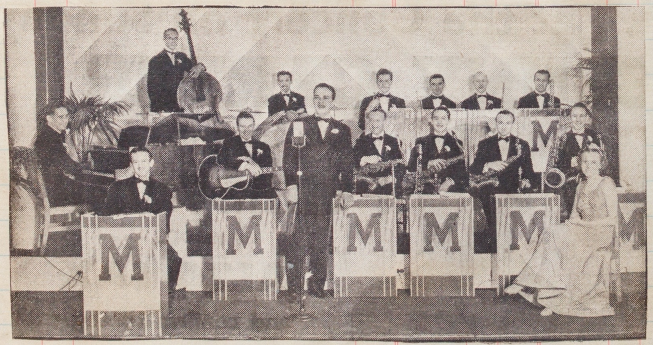
BRASS SECTION

RHYTHM SECTION

SAXOPHONE SECTION

On Monday on Poste
Parisienne you can
hear the Lecuona
Cuban Boys from
the Bagdad Cabaret
Paris

Bob Crosby and his Band—up-and-coming stars.



"STUFF" SMITH AND HIS BOYS
Top Row: Clyde Hart: "Cozy" Cole: Mack Walker
Bottom Row: "Jonah" Jones: Bobby Bennett: "Stuff" Smith

JACK HELYER

of the Ritz Theatre,

Nottingham

SEVENTEEN years ago, a youth was struggling alone in the operating box of a cinema with the evening's programme. His senior was away ill, and he had the entire responsibility of providing patrons with their usual show.

Suddenly he noticed a wisp of smoke, and before he could make a move, a reel of film was well alight. He snatched the safety blanket, which was so tattered that it came to shreds in his hands. At that moment the manager of the cinema looked in to see how his assistant was progressing; saw the flames, and promptly fainted on the spot. But the youngster managed to grab a bucket of sand and spill it over the flames, to check their progress.

The young man in question was Jack Helyer, now one of the most popular cinema organists in broadcasting.

As you see, he did not intend to remain in the operating box any longer than he could help, and was spending all his spare time taking lessons on the drums. With the exception of these, and some tuition from his mother when he was a boy, Jack is entirely self-taught. He has a natural gift for harmony and counterpoint, and taught himself how to score for orchestras and military bands.

When the Bournemouth cinema where he was employed installed a church organ, he lost no time in mastering this instrument too, and soon became a recognised organist. For over two years he accompanied silent pictures for six hours daily on a one manual, three-unit pneumatic organ, afterwards joining P.C.T. to take over the console at the County Cinema, Sutton, Surrey.

However, during his stay at Bournemouth, his work as a composer came to the notice of Sir Dan Godfrey, and the Municipal Orchestra played several of his compositions. He has always spent a lot of time at this work, and only recently his march, "Knight of Aragon," and intermezzo, "The Squirrel," were published.

After five months at Sutton he moved on to play the mighty Wurlitzer at the Regent, Bristol, where he went through the unenviable experience of being thrown to the ground when the lift wire of the organ console snapped.

At Nottingham, Jack plays what is claimed to be the largest organ in the world—a 22 unit Conacher. As it is built on the left side of the theatre, it is amplified one hundred per cent. on the right hand side, thus doubling its immense power. It is completed by the addition of a full-sized grand piano, controlled from the console, and occasionally wheeled on the stage. This accounts for those remarkable piano effects you hear in Jack Helyer's broadcasts.

One of his strongest points is his special arrangements—he claims that he can adapt anything playable to his instrument, and the success of his broadcasts is due largely to the tremendous trouble he takes to "Cut out the 'tripe' and give the listeners good, strong 'meat,'" as he succinctly expresses it.

Despite his musical activities, Jack finds time to indulge in hiking to many parts of the country, and in swimming.

THE VAGABOND LOVER-

THE VAGABOND LOVER

Here is a new and exclusive portrait of the brilliant tenor who, as "The Vagabond Lover," has sung his way into the hearts of countless listeners. Faithful readers of "Radio Pictorial" will not need reminding that his real name is Cavan O'Connor, and he thus stands revealed as an old friend in a new guise. For Cavan O'Connor has long been a favourite broadcaster in variety and in musical shows. He is of Irish parentage and was born in Nottingham. Is a frequent gramophone recorder, at one time recording under twenty-seven "noms-de-song!"

TOO MANY GIRLS!

Nottingham Palais de Danse with (inset) S. J. Fallon, the manager.

THERE are supposed to be, roughly, four girls to every young man in Nottingham. This lack of balance is the one thing that spoils dancing in a town which, for keen enthusiasm, has no peer. It is a common sight to see parties of girls numbering four, six or even eight, arriving at a dance-hall together, and being compelled to dance with each other throughout the evening.

Apart from that, Nottingham is well served, with the choice of two fine dancing-halls, the Palais and the New Victoria Ball-room, with Roy Richards' and Jack Padbury's bands.

The town also has the advantage of having in its midst a dancing "live-wire" in the person of Mr. S. J. Fallon, manager of the Palais de Danse. He is a man who, besides being an accomplished dancer, is an astute business man, and one who realises that the first move in making a town "dancing-conscious" is to get people into the ball-rooms.

When he first came to Nottingham about five years ago, he was perturbed to find the shortage of men in the dance-halls. He realised that part of the reason was the one I have indicated, a lack of equality in population; but he realised also that men were a bit afraid to dance. So he set about the task of getting the Palais de Danse filled. He organised a Terpsichore Club, dancing lessons, pole-squatting competitions, miniature cycle-races. Anything, in reason, to get the Palais de Danse talked about, and to lure people into it. His optimism and hard work has had its effect. Now, "The Handsome Palais," as he—and people from all over the country—justly term it, is thronged with dancers.

"If She's Beautiful—She Dances!" is the subtle slogan with which he lured both men and girls into his Palais. Now, by engaging only the best bands, insisting that they keep to a high plane of melody and tempo, he is able to do away with "stunts." People now visit the Palais for the sheer joy of dancing.

The huge illuminated globe that flashes up Parliament Street surmounts one of the finest halls in the country. Eight hundred dancers can dance with ease on the floor, which is sprung with steel; moreover, one dances with the grain of the floor, and the enthusiastic dancer knows the value of that during the course of a hard evening!

The fountain in the centre of the hall—an idea that seems popular in many dance-halls—is carried a step farther here. The water rises to a height of twenty feet, and is illuminated by a rainbow lighting system, so that it constantly changes colour.

Roy Richards, "The Band-leader with the Smile," and his Original Commanders provide the music. This is Roy's fifth resident season at the Palais, interspersed with seasons at many other prominent halls in the country.

"Tangoes and rumbas are very popular here," Roy told me, "and our dancers also like plenty of comedy and 'hot' music. Nat Gomella was a great success when he visited us. The dancers are tremendously keen. It is nothing to get as many as a hundred people at our Saturday morning coffee sessions, for instance, especially since Boots, the chemists, have inaugurated a five-day week, leaving the girls free on Saturday mornings."

The New Victoria Ball-room is the friendly rival of the Palais. It is just across the way, and, though smaller, holds four to five hundred dancers comfortably.

Meet Eric Pilkington, the manager. He's only in his twenties, but has been in show business all his life, and has been a rolling stone all over the world.

"The New Victoria Ball-room used to be a power-house," he told me, "though it seems incredible when you look at it now. We're proud of the fact that we've worked it up to its present position entirely by our own efforts. We started more or less with a hall and the proverbial five-shilling roll of admission tickets! Now, the ball-room is one of the established dancing centres of the Midlands. The B.B.C. have used it as a sub-station, the best bands and cabaret acts have visited us, and Jack Padbury and his boys are considered one of the finest bands in the country."

The New Victoria is a long, narrowish hall, with a capacious balcony. The decorations on the walls are paintings of waving palms and oases, and the general effect is bright.

"Our policy here," Mr. Pilkington said, "is to give top-price attractions and facilities at a small admission fee. We've found that occasional visits from such bands as Billy Cotton's, Roy Fox's, Lew Stone's, and so on give a big fillip to our attendances, and once we've persuaded a dancer to pay us a visit we do not fear the result. He or she will come again."

Jack Padbury is a man of experience in the dance-music world. He was trained at a music college, has played the 'cello in a Queen's Hall orchestra, and has since devoted his career to dance-music. He has played at such places in London as the Cosmo Club, The Princes' and the Piccadilly. He was also with the old Savoy Orpheans in the days of Rudy Vallée, and has also worked for Ambrose.

Jack Padbury told me that the dancers at The New Victoria, unlike those of the Palais, are not too keen on comedy stuff. They love clever arrangements of "hot" numbers.

"Of course, we put all the latest dance-hits into our programmes, but there's still a great deal of affection amongst our dancers for the tunes of a few years back. Numbers like "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," and "Ramona," for instance.

...ASON

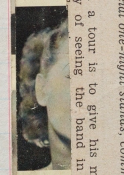
THE first steps toward the All-London Championship have been taken by a number of metropolitan pro bands, anxious both to district honours and to fy for the next stage to the ritain.

e first was at the Por- er Hall, Paddington, on ber 28. This was one of immaculate shows organ- by Lyn Morgan and Charles er, efficient from the car- ns for the judges down to provision of a first-class e band.

n Atkins' fine combination, has frequently served at the mersmith Palais, functioned

...ANCOU...
Suite of ... Musical Instrumentalists.
Pianoforte Solos: Basil Bamm
"BUSY AS A BUILDING" ... By Cecil Norman
"STILL WATERS" ... By Cecil Norman
"SHARPY RIVER" ... By Dave Kingston Bert

...OSE DOING H...
...E-NIGHTERS
Exclusively Ciro's A...



...MADE BY AMBROSE TO
...ETWEEN THE CESSATION
...OTEL JOB ON SATURDAY
...S CLUB ON FEBRUARY 1
...LISED.

...singers with a small band—as ...is now decided to take his full ...cial one-night stands, commen- ...by of seeing the band in the

whose co-opera... Palladium to Ca... I hope tha... families, and th... bring the Palla... Palladium just ... may you alwa...

THIS PROGRAMME IS ISSUED WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF TOMMY TRINDER

Produced by S. John Woods and Printed by Vail and Co., Ltd.

Melody ...

Vol. XIII. No. 190 JANUARY 9, 1...

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Roy Richards, "The Band-leader with the Smile," and his Original Commanders provide the music. This is Roy's fifth resident season at the Palais, interspersed with seasons at many other prominent halls in the country.

"Tangoes and rumbas are very popular here," Roy told me, "and our dancers also like plenty of comedy and 'hot' music. Nat Gonella was a great success when he visited us. The dancers are tremendously keen. It is nothing to get as many as a hundred people at our Saturday morning coffee sessions, for instance, especially since Boots, the chemists, have inaugurated a five-day week, leaving the girls free on Saturday mornings."

The New Victoria Ball-room is the friendly rival of the Palais. It is just across the way, and, though smaller, holds four to five hundred dancers comfortably.

Meet Eric Pilkington, the manager. He's only in his twenties, but has been in show business all his life, and has been a rolling stone all over the world.

"The New Victoria Ball-room used to be a power-house," he told me, "though it seems incredible when you look at it now. We're proud of the fact that we've worked it up to its present position entirely by our own efforts. We started more or less with a hall and the proverbial five-shilling roll of admission tickets! Now, the ball-room is one of the established dancing centres of the Midlands. The B.B.C. have used it as a sub-station, the best bands and cabaret acts have visited us, and Jack Padbury and his boys are considered one of the finest bands in the country."

The New Victoria is a long, narrowish hall, with a capacious balcony. The decorations on the walls are paintings of waving palms and oases, and the general effect is bright.

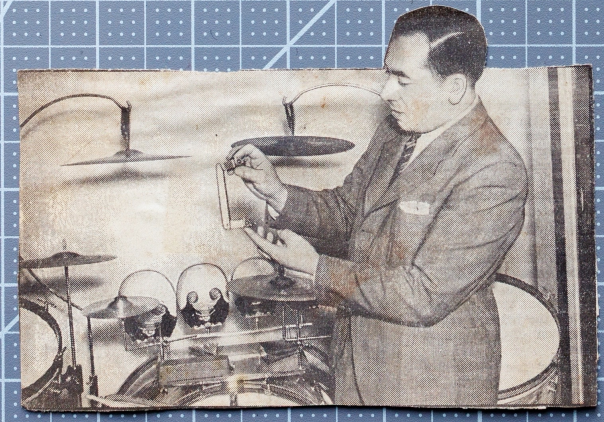
"Our policy here," Mr. Pilkington said, "is to give top-price attractions and facilities at a small admission fee. We've found that occasional visits from such bands as Billy Cotton's, Roy Fox's, Lew Stone's, and so on give a big fillip to our attendances, and once we've persuaded a dancer to pay us a visit we do not fear the result. He or she will come again."

Jack Padbury is a man of experience in the dance-music world. He was trained at a music college, has played the 'cello in a Queen's Hall orchestra, and has since devoted his career to dance-music. He has played at such places in London as the Cosmo Club, The Princes' and the Piccadilly. He was also with the old Savoy Orpheans in the days of Rudy Vallée, and has also worked for Ambrose.

Jack Padbury told me that the dancers at The New Victoria, unlike those of the Palais, are not too keen on comedy stuff. They love clever arrangements of "hot" numbers.

"Of course, we put all the latest dance-hits into our programmes, but there's still a great deal of affection amongst our dancers for the tunes of a few years back. Numbers like "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," and "Ramona," for instance.

Chick beats it out for his band



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AMBROSE DOING ONE-NIGHTERS

Then Very Exclusively Ciro's A

THE VARIOUS PLANS MADE BY AMBROSE TO FILL IN THE TIME BETWEEN THE CESSATION OF THE MAY FAIR HOTEL JOB ON SATURDAY AND THE OPENING OF CIRO'S CLUB ON FEBRUARY 1 HAVE NOW BEEN CRYSTALLISED.

Instead of sending out his singers with a small band—as was the original intention—he has now decided to take his full band out on a fortnight of provincial one-night stands, commencing on January 19.

h a tour is to give his many
y of seeing the band in the

EASON

HE first steps toward the
All-London Championship
have been taken by a
number of metropolitan
-pro bands, anxious both to
district honours and to
fy for the next stage to the
ritain.

e first was at the Por-
er Hall, Paddington, on
ber 28. This was one of
immaculate shows organ-
by Lyn Morgan and Charles
er, efficient from the car-
ns for the judges down to
provision of a first-class
e band.

n Atkins' fine combination,
has frequently served at the
mersmith Palais, functioned

above EVA MAY WONG
top left EILEEN FOSTER
top right JOAN BODKER
below left RED REYNOLDS
below right MOLLY WANSON

FROM ME TO YOU!

In asking you to accept this Programme with my compliments, I do hope you will enjoy the Show. If, of course, you read this message after you have seen the Show, there isn't anything I can do about it.

But quite seriously, I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the guv'nor, Mr. George Black, without whose co-operation it would have been impossible to have brought "The Palladium to Camp."

I hope that the time is not very distant when you all, accompanied by your families, and those who are dear to you, will not find it necessary to wait for us to bring the Palladium to you, but that you will be able to come to us at the Palladium just when you like. Meanwhile, God Bless you, and keep you safe and may you always be Lucky People.

Sincerely, TOMMY TRINDER

THIS PROGRAMME IS ISSUED WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF TOMMY TRINDER

Produced by S John Woods and Printed by Vail and Co., Ltd.

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At the May Fair with Harry Roy Early 20th Century scrap book mainly featuring Harry Roy and his wife Princess Pearl but with cuttings about many bands...	1	US$ 68.68	US$ 6.10	US$ 74.78
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With Thanks
Silver Trees Books

[redacted]

silvertreesbooks - silvertreesbooks at gmail.com to [redacted] OCT 4

Good Morning Zack,
We know nothing of the identity of the person who put it together. We did some research about Harry Roy when we found the book, as we had never heard of him and the scrap book was clearly the work of a dedicated fan. I suspect the book was the work of someone who retired and then moved to Malvern in the UK where we are based and the book was sold by the estate as we bought the books locally. Malvern is a Victorian spa town where people would come to drink the water, walk on the hills and take in the air and scenery and therefore had a reputation of being full of wealthy retirees (although that could be a complete fiction).

Sorry I cannot tell you more.
Kind Regards
Samantha
Silver Trees Books

On Fri, 3 Oct 2025 at 13:57, [redacted] wrote:

> Good morning,
>
> Thank you for sharing this. One person did find it interesting -- Kind of striking how fame can fade away. Do you have any idea about the identity of the person who might have put it together?
>
> Best,
> Zack

On Fri, Oct 03, 2025 at 5:07 AM, silvertreesbooks - silvertreesbooks at gmail.com <silvertreesbooks@gmail.com> wrote:

> > Good Morning Zack,
> > We are so pleased you are happy with your book.
> > This was found at the bottom of a box when we bought a quantity of books. We didnt know what to do with it and if it was something of interest or should be disposed of. We decided it had taken someone such a lot of time and effort to put together, someone might find it as interesting as we did. We didnt know anything about the people in the book but it seemed like such a snapshot of the time.
> > Thank you for getting in touch and we hope you enjoy investigating the contents.
> > Kind Regards
> > Silver Trees Books